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THE

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BELIEVE IN ME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The ship is waiting;—the impatient sails,
Eager to wing their flight across the brine,
With throbbing bosoms woo the enamored gales;
I go;—and going, take your hand in mine,
And say—"Believe in me!"

I know how widely, far and marvellous lands
And heaving seas will stretch between us twain;
I know that years may pass before our hands
Now closely clasping, shall be clasped again,—
Yet still believe in me.

I know that yonder ocean's mighty strife
Awaits me, with its threatening dangers fraught,
Yet though the last breath of my struggling life
Go out amid its billows,—waver not,
But still believe in me.

I know that glorious scenes will charm my eyes,
And wastes of endless summer tempt my feet;
Yet will my heart turn to these northern skies,
And the snow-tempests, and the rattling sleet—
Wherefore, believe in me!

And you will be transfigured in my sight
By time and distance;—beautiful as a star
Toward which, with love and longing infinite,
I stretch my fond arms vainly from afar;—
Oh, love, believe in me!

Farewell;—now lay your hand upon my head,
And let it leave a blessing where it lies;
Speak not—your eyes have left no word unsaid;—
It is enough I will be true and wise,—
Only believe in me!

CLARA LAKE'S DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

In the midst of the pretty and somewhat exclusive village of Katterley, there stands a small, charming residence, half cottage, half villa, called Katterley Lodge. Its rooms are warm in winter, cool in summer; it rises in the midst of a lovely garden, in view of magnificent scenery; and the sweetest roses and honeysuckles entwine themselves on its walls.

The evening sun shone full on its entrance gate, on a lady, young and beautiful, who was leaning over it. She may have been about four-and-twenty, and she was dressed in white, with a blue waist ribbon, and some blue bows in her hair. There was a remarkable refinement and delicacy in her face, her manners, and in her appearance altogether, whilst her dark eyes were large, soft, and somewhat sad in their expression. Did you ever observe that peculiar, sad look, reader—not a passing sadness, or one caused by present care, but a fixed mournful expression, implanted in the eyes by nature? It is not a common expression, or one often seen, but rely upon it, where you do see it, it is but an index that the spirit is, or will be, sad within.

Sauntering up the road towards the gate, encumbered with a basket, a rod, and other apparatus for fishing, strode a gentleman, carelessly switching at the hedge as he passed. No sad expression was there about him—rather the contrary. He was of middle height, with pleasant features and laughing blue eyes; was gay in manner and free of speech. *Her* eyes sparkled at the sight of him, and she opened the gate long before he had gained it.

"What sport, Frederick? What have you brought?"

"Brought you myself," was the gentleman's reply, as he passed in at the gate she held wide. "Thank you. How much is the toll?"

As he bent to take it, to take the "toll," she glanced shyly in his face, and blushed: blushed brightly, although she was his wife of some three years' standing. But, in a retiring, impassioned, truthful nature, such as hers, it takes a great deal ere love can die out,—a convulsion sometimes; with her it had not yet begun to die.

He opened his basket when they got in, and displayed its contents, some fine trout. Two were ordered to be dressed, and served with the tea. On the days of these fishing expeditions, it was their custom to dine early, either before he went, or she alone, and he by the side of the river, and on his return they would have tea, and some of the fish he had caught. Occasionally she accompanied him; not very often; the sport wearied her; and but for him by whose side she sat, never would have been endurable.

"Sport, indeed!" she had used laughingly to say.

"What have you been at all the afternoon, Clara?"

"Oh, reading and working; and wishing it was time for you to come home."

"Silly girl!" laughed he, as he played with her curls. "Suppose I should be brought home to you some day, fished up out of the stream, drowned and dead!"

"Don't joke, please," was her reply, in a low voice.

"It had like to be no joke this afternoon; I all but overbalanced myself. There was a friendly tree, or I was done for."

"Oh, Frederick!" she uttered, clinging closer to him.

"And there's a nasty bit of current there," he continued, as if he enjoyed the sport of teasing her, which perhaps he did, "and the mill-wheel lower down. I was an idiot, never to learn to swim."

"Did you slip?" she whispered.

"No; I was leaning too forward. Oh, Clary! you are a little coward, at best. Why, your heart is beating; a vast deal faster than mine did, I can tell you! And where are your roses gone? Must I kiss them back again?"

"You must not go again, Frederick."

He laughed immoderately.

"Not go again! what am I to do, then, till shooting comes in?"

What, indeed? Mr. Lake was an idle man, one of those whose unhappy lot it is (the most unhappy lot on earth) to be obliged to "kill" time; or else to find it hang unbearably heavy on their hands. Of good descent, and possessing a small patrimony, he had retired from the army when he married Clara Chester. His only sister, Penelope, had married a Mr. Chester, a clergyman, and it was at their house he met Clara, who was a cousin. She was an heiress in a small way, having about three hundred a-year; Katterley Lodge, where they now lived, was also hers. Lieutenant Lake fell in love with her, and she with him; he after his temperament, carelessly and lightly, a species of love which he had felt for others, and would feel for more; she with all the lasting depth of an impassioned and poetic nature. Lieutenant Lake left the army, and they settled down in her own house; he to idleness, and it carries danger sometimes; she to happiness, which she believed in as real, as a bliss that would endure forever. One great grief came to her; she lost her baby; but she was getting over that now.

Meanwhile, the husband of Penelope Chester had died, and she, not left very well off, had taken a residence about seven miles from Katterley, at a place called Guild; though how she meant to pay expenses, she scarcely knew herself. She was older than her brother, and rather inclined to be dictatorial to him and his young wife. As Mr. and Mrs. Lake sat down to tea this evening, the fish looking delicious, he happened to mention his sister's name.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Frederick," Mrs. Lake exclaimed, "Penelope has been here this afternoon."

"What's she come over for?"

"She is at the Jupps'; she said she should remain to tea there. I wanted her to come back and take it with us."

"Does she return home to-night?"

"By the nine o'clock train. And I do believe here she is, coming in."

Mrs. Lake bent forward to distinguish me of the gravel path. It was Mrs. Chester. She was a little restless-looking woman, with shrewd eyes and a sharp nose, and she wore a widow's cap. She told every one she was twenty-eight; Mr. Lake knew her to be four-and-thirty.

"Well, Fred, how are you? What delicious fish! I have come back to tea, Clara, for the Jupps have a late dinner party. They wanted me to stay for it; fancy! in this dusty travelling costume."

"And how are you getting on?" asked her brother.

"Oh, I shall get on. I have got a lady coming to live with me, and that will help me out wonderfully."

"A lady?"

Mrs. Chester nodded.

"You know I must do something, Fred, and I had an idea when I took so large a house—though its low rent at first set me on it—that if I could get a lady or two to live with me it would be the very thing. So I persuaded some friends in London to look out for me, and a young widow lady is coming down next week to stop six months, if she likes it. She gave the Jupps as her references, and that's what I came over about this afternoon."

"Who is she?"

"A Lady Ellis. She went out to India quite a child, seventeen or eighteen, the Jupps say, was very pretty, and was snapped up by some colonel, a K.C.B., and dreadfully old. He is dead, and she is home again."

"With a lac of rupees, I suppose."

"With a *lack* of rupees," retorted Mrs. Chester, rubbing her sharp nose. "The old colonel's property, every shilling of it, was settled on his first wife's children. She has a pension, or something of that, and that's all."

"Why should she be coming here?"

"I'll tell you. She has not been well, it appears, and the doctors have recommended country air; that is what she says in her letter to me. But the Jupps tell me that this county is her native place, so that may be why she has chosen it. She was a Miss—Miss—I forget the name, but her family used to live a few miles from this, and they knew her as a child. They lost sight of her, though, for some years, they say."

"And yet she referred you to them! Take care, Penelope."

"You can't teach me," retorted Mrs. Chester, with a keen glance. "She did not precisely refer me to them, she referred me to a person in London, but she mentioned that the Jupps of Katterley knew her, and that I might inquire of them if I pleased. Mind!" added she, more hastily, "I did not tell the Jupps, or any one else, that she was coming to me as a boarder, I spoke as if she were coming as a visitor. 'She mentions that you know her,' I observed, carelessly, and they immediately began to tell all they did know; I knew they would; one trying to outtalk the rest; never were such talkers as the Jupp girls."

"Except yourself," cried Mr. Lake.

"Myself! why I'm remarkably silent. Nobody can say that I talk."

Frederick Lake smiled, and glanced imperceptibly at his wife.

"Would you like to take home some trout, Penelope?"

"That I should. Have you any to give?"

"I'll have them done up for you; the fellow brace to these. Mind the youngsters don't get the bones in their throats."

"They must take their chance," was the philosophical reply of the widow. "A most horrid torment are children. I am going to pack all the three off to school."

"Have you any further news from the Clergy Orphan School, about James?"

"Oh, yes—it's all tiresome and cross together. They write me word there's not the least chance for him at the election in November, but there will be the following one: he's almost sure to get it then."

"But that is good news," spoke up Mrs. Lake.

"Not so good but it might be better," grumbled Mrs. Chester. "I want you and Fred to come over and spend Sunday and Monday with me," she continued. "Will you come?"

Mrs. Lake did not immediately answer

can't say just everything before Clara; her pride would take alarm."

"Clara is not proud," he answered.

"That's all you know about it. I am sure she is. It is not the pride that would stick herself up as being above other people, but that sort of pride that despises everything not quite high and honorable. I am left a widow, Fred, with a wretched pittance of two hundred a year—it won't be more—and how am I to live like a lady, and educate the children? What am I to do? I can't lose caste. I can't go and open a shop; I can't turn court milliner; I can't begin and speculate in the funds; I can't present myself to the government or the Bank of England, and make a curtsey and say, 'Please, gentlemen, double my income for me, and then, perhaps, I may manage to get along!' No, I have only got my own resources to look to, and my own headpiece to work upon. It has been ransacked pretty well of late, I can tell you. The first idea that suggested itself to me was, to educate the two girls myself, and to get half a dozen pupils as well, on the plan of a private family. But I hated the thought of it; I have no nerves and no patience, and I knew I should be worried out of my very existence; besides, education at the present day is different from what it was when I was a girl, and I am not equal to modern requirements. So I said, 'That won't do.' Next I thought of getting three or four gentlewomen to live with me, on the plan of a private family also, quite as visitors, you know; and the more I dwelt on the scheme, the better I liked it. I think it will be a pleasant, social way of getting on; at any rate, I mean to try it, and Lady Ellis is the first coming."

"What is she to pay you?"

"Well you know, Fred, I can't commence in much style, for I have not the means," returned Mrs. Chester. "I am unable to set up men-servants, and a service of plate, and a pony carriage, and that sort of thing; so at present my terms must be in accordance with my accommodation. Now what should you think fair?"

"I!" cried Fred; "oh, rubbish! Don't ask me."

"Lady Ellis is to pay me a hundred a year, if she stays the year. If not, ten pounds per month. Now, you see, if I get four at that rate," went on Mrs. Chester, rapidly, "it will make up my income to six hundred pounds, which will be comfortable, and enable one to live."

"I suppose it will," said he.

"You suppose it will," snapped Mrs. Chester, "of course it will. Why, it's as much as you and Clara possess. By the way, Fred, I wonder you can reconcile yourself to live on your income and do nothing to increase it. If you had a family—and you may have one, and a large one—what sort of a figure would it cut, when everything had to come out of it? A dozen children to keep at home, and find in clothes, and doctors, and sundries, and a dozen children to provide for at school, would make your money look foolish."

"Let's see," cried he, gravely; "twelve at home and twelve at school, would make twenty-four. Couldn't you have added twelve more, while you were about it, and said thirty-six?"

"Don't be stupid! You know I meant twelve in all. But they'll require both home expenses and school expenses, and so you'll find. Now, were I you, I should turn my attention to some gentlemanly mode of increasing my income, and so provide for a rainy day. You can't be altogether without interest, abroad in the world as you have been; you might get a post under Government."

"I'll apply for the Lord-Lieutenantcy of the county," replied Fred; "it is vacant."

"I know you always did turn into ridicule every suggestion of mine," said Mrs. Chester. "And there's the train shrieking up, so we are just in time. Don't forget Sunday. I want you and Clara to see how nice the house looks, now it is all in order."

"All right, Penelope; we won't forget."

They passed through the waiting-room, on to the platform, and Mrs. Chester took her seat in one of the carriages. Her brother chatted with various individuals who were watching off the train, one of whom was Oliver Jupp. Mrs. Chester beckoned to him.

"Fred," said she, in a low voice, "I am going to give you a caution. Don't you carry on any of that nonsensical flirting with Rose Jupp. If you do, I shall be sorry that I have asked her to meet you."

He looked very much amused.

"I am astonished you asked either of us. A couple of sinful scapegoats!"

"There you are, ridiculing me again! You may think as you please, Frederick, but it's excessively absurd in a married man. I saw you kiss Rose Jupp, the other day."

He burst out laughing.

"Remember, there must be no nonsense when Lady Ellis comes. It would frighten her away again."

"Oh, we won't fail to put on our best behaviour for the old begum. Do not let doubts of us disturb your sleep, Penelope."

"She's not old, but I dare say she knows what propriety is," sharply retorted Mrs. Chester, as the train puffed off.

Mrs. Lake remained at home, thinking of various things. But, ever and anon, there flashed an idea over her, that she had done wrong to promise to go to Mrs. Chester's. Why? It was impossible to say. She could give no reason. Sunday travelling? But she had gone several times before, to spend the Sunday with Mrs. Chester, gone and returned the same day, for the vicarage Mrs. Chester had previously lived at was equally within reach, though in a different direction. No, it could not be the Sunday's travelling that disturbed her, and she did not give herself the trouble to think what else it could be.

"Is the train gone?" cried she, as her husband came in.

"All safe, and Penelope with it. She has been talking to me about her plans; and what do you think she finished up with, Clary?"

He had sat down in a large arm-chair, and drawn his wife into it as well, holding her by the waist.

"With a warning not to flirt so much with Rose Jupp; which is absurd in itself she says, and might frighten away the grand Indian begum."

Clara Lake laughed. She was accustomed to see her husband's free, rattling manners with others, but she had never yet felt a shadow of jealousy. She believed his *love* to be hers, as truly and exclusively as hers was his, and nothing as yet had shaken it.

She had, that night, a singular dream. Part of the evening's doings occurred to her again in her sleep, for she thought that Mrs. Chester came, drank tea with them, and gave them the invitation, just as it had happened in reality. She also thought that she had an insuperable objection to go, although she appeared to have accepted it. Not the vague idea that had presented itself to her awake, the half-wish that she had not made the engagement, but a strong, irrepressible conviction that the going would bring her evil—but accompanied with a conviction, a knowledge, so to say, that she should go, that it was her fate to go, and that she could not avoid it. She dreamt that Mrs. Chester had departed, and she was discussing the point with her husband. They were in a kitchen, a large kitchen quite strange to her, and were standing by a small, round, dark-colored table in its middle. The fireplace, as Clara stood, was behind her, the window, a wide one, with an ironing-board underneath it, was in front of her; a dresser with shelves was on her left hand; and there were several doors, leading she did not know where. Altogether, the kitchen looked large and bleak, something like those we see in farm-houses; and, seated on a chair to the right, apparently engaged in sewing, and taking no notice of them, Clara saw Mrs. Chester. She and her husband were discussing earnestly—to go, or not to go. It appeared that both felt some evil was impending, but yet both knew they *should* go and encounter it, in spite of the hesitation; and yet Clara seemed to feel that her husband could be helped her to remain if he would.

"What excuse can we make for declining?" she used to say to him, and then they both thought over various excuses, but none appeared adequate answer, and they came to the final conclusion that go they must, which they both had known throughout would be the conclusion. All the time they spoke, Mrs. Chester was sitting in her chair, listening, but taking no note and upon arriving at the decision Clara and her husband parted, he going towards one of the kitchen doors, she towards the window, but so sharp was the conviction that she was rushing upon evil, that she awoke.

Clara thought it a curious dream—curious because it represented what had actually occurred, and her own feelings; curious also because it was so unusually vivid, so like reality. She got out of bed quietly, not to disturb her husband, struck a wax match, and looked at the hanging watch. It was exactly three o'clock.

But the dream was not yet over. She went to sleep again, taking up the dream almost at the point where she had left it. She remembered that had passed, both of dream and reality, she remembered that she awoke in the certainty that she could not go upon the dreaded expedition: all that was plain in this, her second sleep, but she now began making strenuous exertions to escape. She did not see her husband again, but Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp had joined Mrs. Chester, and the three seemed to be forcing her to go; not by force of violence, but of argument, of persuasion, and she still seemed to know that they must prevail, that to withstand at the last would be beyond her power.

The scene appeared to change to the morning of departure; or rather with that inconsistency peculiar to dreams, it appeared to be the morning of the departure without having changed. Still she strove against it; not saying why, not hinting that she feared evil; that, she had only spoken of with her husband; but urging not to go, by every possible argument, and by *passive* resistance. And—strange inconsistency!—it appeared that if she could have told them the reason of her reluctance, her dread of evil would have been well, but it was precisely to them she must not and dared not tell it.

A word to the reader. He may think the description of the dream spun out, more dwelt upon than it need be; but when he comes to know that it is no dream concocted by the author's brain, but a real dream of midnight, difficult to shorten sufficiently to be told, that no power of language can describe it as it was pictured, and that it did not end in the morning, with the dark night, but bore its after-fruits, he will cease to think so.

Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp urged her to depart, were waiting for her; Clara still resisted.

"There!" she suddenly exclaimed to them, "we cannot go. It is past ten; we have let the hour go by, and the train is gone."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Chester, "we can get a carriage and overtake it."

She went out with them—resistance appeared to be over, she *felt* that it was over, and that she could not help herself—went out to look for a carriage. They ran about, down lane and in the open fields, and could not see one; at a butcher's cart came up in the lane; one of them said that would do as well as a carriage, and they all got into it. They seemed to be going along at a fearful pace, but through a most dreary looking country, the skies gloomy, the scenery barren, and the road muddy, shuddy that it splashed up upon them as they sat; there were also shallow, dismal pond through which they drove. All this haste seemed to be to catch the train, but suddenly a noise was heard behind them, and it was known that it was the train; they had gone so fast as to outstrip it. Their cart stopped to wait, and Clara, when the noise came close looked behind, but could only distinguish something black, which whirled by them, turned round, came back, turned again, and pulled up.

"Why, it is a hearse!" she screamed out, (both in surprise, not fear) to Mrs. Chester.

Yes it was a hearse, all black, and two men sat on the box. Clara looked out, expecting to see the rest of their party on it, but there was no one but the two men; the one she could not see, for he seemed to hide his face, but she caught, fixed upon her, the strangely black eyes of the driver; the blackest eyes she ever saw in her life; of the rest of his face she remembered nothing.

"Come," said he, "there's no time to lose," and they all four descended from the cart.—Clara got on the hearse first, and was settling her cloak around her, when she heard the cart drive off, taking the road home again; and, seated in it as before, were Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp.

"Why don't you come with me?" she called out; "why are you going back?"

"So," said Mrs. Chester, "that hearse is for you, not for us;" and they drove off.

The hearse also drove off the contrary way, and Mrs. Lake found herself sinking into its interior. She was calm enough for a moment, but suddenly she knew that she had been entrapped into it, and that she was being taken to her burial. With a dreadful scream she awoke.

The scream awoke Mr. Lake. She was bathed in perspiration, and shaking as in an ague fit. In vain he asked what was the matter, whether she was ill; she could not speak to tell him, and it was at least ten minutes before she was able in any degree to overcome the fright. Then she related it to him.

He was a ridiculer of dreams, very much given to scoff at them, but he had too much regard for his wife to scoff then, while she was so distressed and agitated.

"I am quite certain," she exclaimed, "that it is sent to me as a warning, and I will not go on Sunday to Mrs. Chester's."

"I never knew before that you believed in dreams," he said.

"I don't believe in them. But, Frederick, you must acknowledge that this is one beyond common. I cannot describe to you how vivid, how truthful everything appeared; and it was not one dream; it was two, and that is unusual."

"The one induced the other. I dare say you saw a hearse pass yesterday."

"I have not seen a hearse for ever so long," she answered, still shivering. "But go I will not. Thank Heaven, though the power to refuse was not mine in the dream, it is in reality."

Mr. Lake could not help laughing at her superstition, though he did all he could to soothe her to tranquillity.

"The very fact of your being able to act as you please, when in your dream you were not, ought to convince you how foolish and unmeaning it was."

"I will not go to Penelope," she reiterated, with a sigh of thanksgiving that the option was certainly hers.

"Wait till morning light," said he; "you will be in a different mood then."

Mrs. Lake got to sleep again at last, first of all making a firm inward resolution—that no persuasion, no ridicule, no "morning light," when things do indeed wear so different an aspect from what they do in the dark, weird night, should suffice to alter her determination to accept the warning she believed was conveyed to her by the dream.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Frederick," she said, as they sat at breakfast; "that you will not mention this dream to any one. I will make some other excuse for not going."

"Dream!" cried he; "why, Clary, I had already forgotten it. And so will you, before the day's over."

She shook her head.

"I shall send word to Penelope that I cannot go."

"My dear! you will never be so foolish! Well, Clara, I did give you credit for better sense. Dreams are all very well in their places—to amuse old women and children—but in these days they should not be allowed to influence actions. You can see the bright sun, the busy work-a-day world around you, and yet you can retain remembrance of a ridiculous dream! I thought they passed away with the night."

"Of course a great part of the vivid impression has passed with the night," she replied, confessing what was the actual fact, "but I will abide by the night's impression, nevertheless. I look at it in this light, Frederick; my remaining at home can hurt no one, it cannot bring harm in any way, while my going may bring me harm; we cannot tell. I am fully decided," she continued in a firm tone, "and do you eat your breakfast and cease laughing at me."

"Perhaps you fear the train will come to grief," returned he, with mock seriousness, "and pitch us all into coffins, made to fit your hearse."

"Well, I don't know," returned Clara, "if I did get into the train next Sunday morning, I should be unusually pleased to find myself safe out of it again."

Mr. Lake said no more, but he felt persuaded in his own mind the fancy would wear away, and his wife go, contentedly enough, with the rest of them.

That day was Friday. On the next day, Saturday, two of the Miss Jupps called on Clara, full of the following morning's excursion. A large family was that of the Jupps, six sons and six daughters, all living. The sons were all out in the world, one in the army, one in the navy, one in the church, one reading for the bar, one here, one there; Oliver, the youngest of them, was just now at home. The six daughters were all at home, and marrying men seemed to fight shy of so large a host. Social, pleasant, chatty girls were they, the youngest two-and-twenty, the age of the eldest locked up in the church's register. Mr. and Mrs. Jupp were a quiet, inoffensive couple, completely eclipsed by their sons and daughters; not that any were undutiful, but the old people belonged to a bygone age, and were scarcely equal to the innovations of this. Mr. Jupp had once been high sheriff of the county; it was the one great event of the Jupps' life, imparting to them an importance which their pride never quite lost sight of.

Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp had come to gossip about the next day's expedition. The plans were somewhat changed. Louisa, Rose, and Oliver were to go, but they were to return in the evening; and the following morning Mary Anne and Margaret would go.

"We think it would be so truly unconscionable to inflict four of us on Mrs. Chester at once, with her few servants, that we have written to tell her we will divide ourselves," spoke Margaret, with her usual volubility.—"Mamma says she wondered at our thoughtlessness when she heard us making the bargain."

"Mrs. Chester would not have made a trouble of it; she is not one to put herself out of the way," said Clara.

"No, she is very good, but it would be imposing upon hospitality. Shall they call for you, or will you be at the train? Louisa desired us to ask."

"I am not going," replied Mrs. Lake.

"Not going!" echoed Mary Anne Jupp.—"Good gracious me, why not?"

"It is not quite convenient. Mrs. Chester does not expect me."

"But she did expect you," wondered Mary Anne. "Oliver was on the platform that night when Mr. Lake brought her to the train, and they said you were coming. Was it not so?" she added, appealing to Mr. Lake, who sat perched on a side-table, doing something to a fishing-line.

"All right," answered he.

"Then why have you changed your minds? Why are you thinking of not going? Half the day's pleasure will be lost if you do not accompany them."

"Ask Clara," returned he, without looking up from his work. "It's her affair, not mine."

"I seem to have a prejudice against going to-morrow," she intimated. "And I wrote to excuse myself to Penelope."

"How very odd!" uttered Margaret Jupp.

"The truth is," cried Mr. Lake, "my wife has taken it into her head that Sunday travelling is sinful, and that if we do venture to go to-morrow in the teeth of the sin, the engine will infallibly burst and blow us all up."

Mrs. Lake felt vexed.

"Do not talk nonsense, Frederick," she said; while Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp looked from one to the other, in doubt whether the true reason had, or had not, been assigned.

"My dear Mrs. Lake, they get to Guild for morning service, you know," spoke Margaret. "I don't see any great harm in going just that little way on a Sunday morning."

"Frederick is very stupid to say such things," cried Clara. "That is not my objection. Though I do not like Sunday travelling: I think that unless there is a necessity for it, people are not justified in travelling on that day; especially those in our class of life, whose week-day time is their own. We do wrong to encourage it, or to afford it our example."

"The train goes, whether we passengers do or not, so that our staying away is not of the least benefit to any one," observed Mary Anne Jupp. "Do pray go, Mrs. Lake."

"Not to-morrow," she gently said, shaking her head.

"Can't you induce her, Mr. Lake?"

"I! I have wasted all my powers of oratory; I have tried persuasion; I have hinted at an illegitimate application of my riding-whip, and all in vain. She's harder than a brick-bat."

The young ladies laughed.

"Dear Mrs. Lake, you must go, if only to oblige us. Think of the disappointment to Louisa and Rose."

Clara remembered her dream: how Mary Anne and Margaret (the very two of the sisters now present) had striven to persuade her in it: and the recollection only served to render her more firm. They began to fear that there would be no prevailing. "And yourself, Mr. Lake, do you also remain at home?"

"Not I. I don't live in fear of the boiler's treachery."

"Of course I do not wish to prevent Frederick going," said Mrs. Lake.

"Though you know you would rather I did not," he interrupted.

"Well, of course, if there is to be—as you say, though I don't—a bursting of the boiler, it would be as bad for you to be in it as for me," she laughed. The truth was, she did wish he would not go, she should feel more easy; though she would not ask him to remain, lest it might seem selfish. The Miss Jupps rose.

"I hope you will think better of it," said Margaret. "Louisa was saying this morning how glad she was Mrs. Lake was going. She has been counting upon you."

"Ah, well—she had better count upon me instead," cried Mr. Lake, as he sprang from his seat to attend them to the gate. "And mind you give my love to Rose, and tell her I shall be a bachelor for the day."

"Don't forget that," put in Clara.

Never did a more lovely day dawn over the earth than that Sunday in August. "Is it not a pity to lose it?" exclaimed Mr. Lake to his wife, as they stood looking at the sun's brightness when the time for departure was drawing near.

"It is a most beautiful day," she sighed. "I almost envy you."

"Clara," he said, turning to her with a sudden seriousness of manner, "I ask you to be yourself. Lay aside this folly, and act as a reasonable woman ought. Put on your things and come with us."

She moved closer to him and spoke deprecatingly.

"Do not be angry with me, Frederick: I believe I am doing right to remain away: I must remain."

"Well, of all the simpletons that ever walked, you are about the worst," was his complimentary rejoinder. "Good-bye, Clary," he added, stooping to kiss her.

"Oh, Frederick, darling, I hope you will come back safely!" she said, clinging to him as if she feared he was going away forever; and the tone of her voice, full of mournful wailing, struck upon the ear of her husband.

He went off laughing, telling her not to fear—that he'd come back with all his legs and wings about him.

On the platform he encountered Louisa and Rose Jupp, under the convoy of their brother.

"Then actually Mrs. Lake is *not* come!" uttered Louisa.

"And I have only come to see you off," was Mr. Lake's response. "I am not going on to Guild."

"Oh, you barbarous deceiver!" quoth Rose. "Where are you going?"

"To church; as a pious individual of modern society ought."

"I tell you what, Lake," interrupted Oliver Jupp, "this is not fair. These girls entrapped me into taking them, on the strength that you were to be one of the party, and 'tis too bad to shuffle off it."

"So it is," returned Mr. Lake. "But you must talk to my wife about it. I am a most helplessly henpecked husband, the worst fancy ever pictured: Caudle was a thing to it."

The train went smoothly off, and Mr. Lake returned home. His wife was leisurely attiring herself for church. She started when she saw him.

"Why, Frederick! what has happened?"

"Nothing. The boiler has not gone yet: that calamity is expected to take place midway between here and Guild."

"Why have you come back?"

"I came back because I have a silly child for my wife," he said, standing in front of her, and speaking half tenderly, half severely. "One who would have worried a foolish heart into a fever, had I gone, believing I should never come back alive."

She wound her arms round him and pulled his face down to hers in her fervent ire, her tears falling upon it.

"Oh, my darling! my dearest! you don't know how happy you have made me" she passionately whispered. "How shall thank you for giving way to my foolish s? I *should* have been in unhappy suspense all day long."

"I shan't give way to it the next time," cried he, as he kissed away her tears. "And I have told the Jupps what a henpeck husband I am, the slave of a capricious tyrant. Jupp won't be in a hurry to marry, after my warning, and your example."

"The next time!" she repeated, with a sad smile. "Frederick, there will be no next time. I shall never have such a dream again."

II.

It was a fine night in August, then not unusually light, for there was no moon, and the nine o'clock train dashed into Guild, received its passengers, and dashed on again.

Seated in a first-class carriage, in about the middle of the train, which was a long one were the two Miss Jupps and their brother. They happened to be the only passengers in that compartment: the young ladies sat with their backs to the engine, Oliver with his face to it: he was next the door: the glass was down, and he frequently looked out. They were in high spirits, were talking and laughing.

"It has not been such a disagreeable day, after all," cried he. "Lake might have enjoyed himself, had he come."

"I can't think what possessed the boy," observed Louisa. "It has been a delightful day."

"My private opinion, if you care to know it, is this," said Rose. "That Clara Lake took some offence at Mrs. Chester, and will not visit her, by way of showing it."

"I don't think Clara Lake's capricious, Rose."

"No," was Rose's answer to Louisa, "but Mrs. Chester can be dominant and abrupt when she pleases."

"Well—as I understand the matter—and it was the opinion of Mary Anne and Margie—Mrs. Lake's objection lay in its being Sday. Perhaps she is growing religious."

"What an awful look-out for Lake!" poke up Mr. Jupp, from his corner.

"Oliver!" reproved the young ladies.

"She'll stop his liberty and his cigars," persisted Mr. Oliver; "there are no sumptuaries under the sun as your religionists. Talking about cigars, would it affect your bonnets, girls, if I lighted one now?"

They screamed out together. They could not have their loves of new bonnets pooed and blackened with cigar smoke; they never be fit to go on again.

"And you must not smoke in the carriages," added Louisa; "we are close upon Coombe Dalton station, and they will see you."

"Pretty wives you'll make when you get married," remarked Oliver. "Afraid of cigar smoke!"

The caution, or the bonnets, caused Oliver Jupp to keep his cigar-case in his pocket. They were, as Louisa said, approaching Coombe Dalton station, an insignificant station about midway between Guild and Katrly, where the train did not stop. Rose dissented; she thought they were not yet near Coombe Dalton, and Oliver leaned out at the window to take a survey of the route.

"We are at it," said he to Rose, without turning round; "yonder are the lights. Ha-loa! what's that red light flashing up and down for? That ought to be a green."

"If a red light is waving in the gun's place, there must be danger," said Rose, quickly. "I have always heard that red is the danger signal."

"There's no danger; if the light indicated danger the train would come to a stand-still; it is going on at the same speed."

Scarcely had the words quitted his mouth when—they hardly knew what occurred. There was a shriek from the whistle, a shock, and a shriek not from the whistle, but from human beings in their terror. The train came to a stand-still, and they with it; they and their carriage were not hurt or inconvenienced, the carriages behind them were not hurt, but the carriages immediately before them, but the foremost carriages—What had happened!

The engine, unstopped, and dashing on in its speed and recklessness, had dashed into some obstruction on the line, a little east Coombe Dalton station. The engine ran up a bank and was forced back on the line, facing sideways, and the three foremost carriages, next to the break van, were dragged with it. The two first, third-class ones, were horribly injured; the third, a second-class one, Lessno Oliver Jupp, with other male passengers, was speedily out of his carriage, running forward to see what assistance he could render to these, his ill-fated fellow-creatures, some of whom were groaning in the death agony.

What a scene it was! The dark night, the hissing engine, mad instrument of death, but harmless now, the torches brought forward from the station to throw light upon the calamity, the figures, some dead, some dying, lying in the midst of the wrecks, the scalded, the wounded, the bleeding, the silent and still, the moaning and helpless, the shrieking and terrified! Not here, gratuitously to harrow the feelings and sympathies of the reader, will the worst details be given, but there they lay, a mass of them, such a mass that let us hope and pray we may never see; and, adding no little to the distress and confusion prevailing, was the uncontrollable alarm of the uninjured passengers, escaping from their carriages and running hither and thither, uncertain where to go or what to do.

Katterly and other stations were telegraphed to, for medical assistance, and the news spread like wildfire in the village. It is well known that news, especially of such a nature, does not lose in the carrying, and the place was up in arms. Mr. and Mrs. Lake were at supper, for they dined early on Sundays, when Mary Anne Jupp, without any ceremony whatever, burst in, neither bonnet on her head, nor shawl on her shoulders.

"Oh, Mr. Lake!—and you to be sitting here quietly at supper!—have you not heard the news?"

They rose up; they saw the state of alarm and agitation she was in. Clara caught it, and looked as frightened as Mary Anne was.

"What news!" asked Mr. Lake; "what is it?"

"There has been an awful accident to the train at Coombe Dalton. No particulars positively known, that we can learn—but people are saying half the train's killed and the other half wounded."

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr. Lake, taking her trembling hands. "What train? How did the news come?"

"Why, our train," returned Miss Jupp, bursting into tears. "The train that Oliver and Louisa and Rose must be in. Oh, Mrs. Lake! was it true that you had a presentiment of evil to it—was that really your reason for declining to go?"

Clara, deathly pale, had sought the eyes of her husband. She was overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay, with a feeling that she could not describe and had never yet experienced. Had they really escaped danger, accident, perhaps death from that strangely warning dream? Her faculties seemed bewildered.

"How has the news reached Katterley?" repeated Mr. Lake.

"By telegraph. And one of the porters ran up to our house to tell us, knowing they went to Guild this morning and took return tickets. The station here is already besieged by a crowd. Poor papa is pushing his way through it."

Mr. Lake said he would go also and ascertain what he could, but before he had departed who should come running in but Oliver Jupp.

"Now don't smother me," cried he to his sister; "first of all, we are all right; you see I am, and Rose and Louy are safe and well, inside Coombe Dalton station. My father sent me in to tell you; he said you were here, and he is gone back home with the news."

"But how did you get to Katterley?" asked Mr. Lake.

"I came on a stray engine. I thought they would all be in fits together, at home, and I took the opportunity offered, of coming on, and stopping the alarm. The first person who laid hold of me at the station was the poor old governor, pretty nearly in a fit himself. It's an awful accident, though."

"How was it? Are many hurt? Did the boiler really burst?"

"If you all reiterate questions at me, how am I to answer? Very few are hurt, comparatively speaking. The engine went into something, a truck or trucks I believe, and there was a smash. The two first carriages, both third-class, are—nowhere, and the passengers I won't tell you about, Lake, before these two girls, for it would spoil their night's rest. The next carriage, a second-class, was damaged, and its inmates are bruised, but not much, I think."

"And what of the rest of the train?" breathlessly inquired Clara.

"Nothing. The carriages came to a standstill on the line, and we got out of them."

"Are you sure there is no first-class carriage injured?" she reiterated.

"Certain. So to speak, there has been no accident to the rest of the train, beyond the delay and the fright."

Mr. Lake looked at his wife and smiled.

"So you would not have been one of the injured, Clary, had you been in the train."

She shook her head. "We may not have had the full particulars yet. Oliver may be deceived. Are you going back again?" she added to him.

"Yes, as soon as I can. But I thought it well to come on and let you know the best and worst. Lake, will you go?"

"Of course," he answered.

They were not home again till long past midnight, and Mr. and Mrs. Lake sat talking over what he had learnt and seen.

"Clary," said he, "Mrs. Chester wants us to go to-morrow with the other Jupp girls: these brought the message from her. What do you say?"

"Will they venture?"

"I don't see why they should not. An accident two days running would be a notable occurrence. But you and your dream?"

"Oh, I will go. The dream has done its office, and I shall be ever thankful for it."

"Clara, don't you get superstitious," he gravely said. "To be superstitious, at all, argues a want of plain common sense, but to be *foolishly* superstitious is the worst of all. Had you gone to Guild, you would probably not have returned to-night: but had you returned, it would certainly not have been in any one of the three carriages injured: therefore, what possible bearing that dream of yours could have had upon this accident, or where could be the utility of the warning, which you declare it conveyed to you, not to go to-day, I cannot see."

Neither can I see it; neither probably can the reader. But the dream is not done with yet. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Let youth cherish sleep, the happiest of earthly boons, while yet it is at its command; for there cometh the day to all, when "neither the voice of the lute nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fall on their young eyes as unbidden as the dews.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMB'R 31, 1859.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
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The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is FOUR DOLLARS! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

In answer to a correspondent, we may say that we will furnish the two engravings of Niagara Falls to any club subscriber, for one dollar in addition to the regular club price.—We will not furnish our engravings to any but subscribers to THE POST.

One of these Niagara engravings represents the Canada, or Horse Shoe Fall, and the other the American Fall—they can be framed, or tacked up, either separately or together. A letter now before us, from a lady subscriber, says: "My 'Niagara' was received four days after date, in good condition, *and gave full satisfaction.*"

Mr. B. D., of Baltimore, Md., says:—"I received your plate of 'The Speaking Likeness,' *with which I am much pleased.*"

Our contemporaries of the press speak very highly of these engravings. We annex a few more notices out of a large number now on hand:—

The large and beautiful steel engraving, 17 by 22 inches, called "The Speaking Likeness," *is one of the gems of the season.*"—*Courier, Charleston, Missouri.*

We are much obliged to our old friends, the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post, for a copy of the superb engraving, entitled "The Speaking Likeness." *It is one of the finest engravings we ever saw.*—*Missourian.*

We have received a *splendid* steel-plate engraving—"The Speaking Likeness"—from Deacon & Peterson, publishers of that excellent literary paper, the Saturday Evening Post. The engraving *is of a large size and truly beautiful.*—*Noble County Democrat.*

The Speaking Likeness is the title of a beautiful engraving we have received from the publishers of the *Saturday Evening Post. It is a large, handsome, well-executed steel engraving, a real gem of art.*—*Miami (Ohio) Visitor.*

A CHOICE PICTURE.—The proprietors of the *Saturday Evening Post,* of Philadelphia, are giving to all their subscribers a beautiful steel engraving, called "The Speaking Likeness." *We have a copy on exhibition at our office, where all can satisfy themselves that it is really a beautiful thing. * * * * The picture alone is more than worth the money.*—*Whitewater Register.*

ADVICE FOR THE NEW YORKERS.—We see there is talk of a city railroad in Broadway—and that there is considerable of a quarrel as to who shall have the happiness of building it. Our advice is for the city to build it, and rent it out by auction yearly to the company which will pay the best price for its use. It would add a handsome sum to the city revenues.

A FOOLISH EXCITEMENT.

The English, on the whole, are a manly people. Their worst enemies must acknowledge this. But that there is no small vein of what has been called, for want of a better word, flunkeyism, in their composition, every well-informed man must admit. All Englishmen "love a lord." Even old Dr. Johnson, with his rough sincerity and stern contempt of meanness, was not above what seems to be an inherent weakness in the English character—a too great respect for mere outward rank and position, as compared with genuine and intrinsic worth.

Only by recalling this unworthy trait of the English character, can we account for the storm of invective and ridicule which has been poured upon the heads of the four Liverpool brokers who recently sent a short letter to—and, worse than all, received a reply from—Louis Napoleon. That four brokers—mercantile men, as we suppose—should have dared to write a letter to an Emperor! seems to have convulsed the little isle from one end to the other. There is even talk of prosecuting the offenders! To enable our readers to judge of the pother this simple matter has provoked, we quote from the letter of some snobbish London correspondent of the *North American* of this city:—

Immediately the English journals published this letter, a howl of execration ran through the land, and not a newspaper of any description or party, but most indignantly commented upon the whole proceeding. In this country, of course, it is understood that the responsibility of such an act rests with those who were guilty of it, but on the Continent, these merchants will be looked upon as the mouth-piece of the British nation, and no end of jeers and scoffs will be the result. It has, therefore, become a rather serious question as to what will be done with these officious gentlemen—whether, in fact, the government will not proceed against them on the charge of exercising functions which do not belong to them, and of bringing the nation into contempt. In the meantime, the notorious four are not, as the Spanish aphorism has it, *banandore en agua rosada*—bathing in rose water. Squibs and lampoons have been showered on them, and telegrams posted at the Stock Exchange, Liverpool, announcing that the Emperor Napoleon, delighted with their acuteness and penetration, has invited them to the Congress.

The Liverpool Law Society, in a graver spirit, have come to a resolution to inform her Majesty's Attorney-General that if her Majesty's Government intends to proceed against them, the Committee will be happy to render the Attorney-General all the assistance in their power. Here the affair, for the present, rests; but if any legal steps can be taken it will not be permitted to stay where it is. At first the thing excited ridicule, but a re-perusal of the stinging sneers contained in the letter has changed the ridicule into indignation.

Now, to our American comprehension, if anybody made himself ridiculous in this matter, it was the Emperor of the French, in giving importance to the letter of the four brokers by answering it. If the letter had not received an answer, the Liverpool gentlemen might reasonably have been squibbed and joked a little. But to imagine a live Emperor doing a foolish thing, seems to be an impossibility in England; and so all the snobbery and flunkeyism of the land is let loose to badger, worry and denounce the presumptuous commoners.

As to the element of the farcical, the action of the Liverpool Law Society caps the climax for absurdity, ridiculousness, and, worse than all, flunkeyism. They in a body volunteer their aid to help the Attorney General prosecute their four beleaguered fellow-citizens, sinking already before the mingled howls and snappings of all the curs in the United Kingdom. Well, there never was a meanness seen, that a lawyer would not plunge into deeper, and come up nastier, than anybody else. Give us a lawyer, accustomed to defend right side or a wrong side indifferently for ready money, when anything contemptible is to be done.

But it is evident that what calls forth the greater portion of all this flunkeyism, is really a species of envy. All men envy the four humble brokers to whose letter a great Emperor—as great, perhaps, as a hundred common English lords, all lumped together—did not disdain to reply. They are attacked, just as one cur who gets a bone, is attacked by all the other curs that have got none. Happy men, in spite of this persecution, doubtless are Messrs. Shaw, Mellor, Irving and Gaskell. Not one of their assailants, probably, but would change places with them if they could. They actually wrote to the Emperor—and actually received a polite and respectful answer!

We do not mean in these remarks to approve of the writing of the letter in question—the answer to such an unofficial letter amounts practically to nothing, and it is better to leave such affairs to the regularly appointed agents of the nation. But the affair is of very little importance one way or the other. Only Louis Napoleon could give it importance at all, by answering the communication. If he chose to do so—and we think none the worse of him that he did so choose—it was his business alone. The English people were in no way compromised by the action of the four brokers, and no one "on the Continent," who is of any consequence, thinks that they were. The whole thing has been exaggerated beyond its due importance by the English press—and the cause of their foolish excitement is evidently, in the main, the one we have stated.

☞ At the Newcastle assizes, John Watson Moody, of Portland, Maine, mate of the American ship Mary, was tried for the wilful murder of Daniel Witham, an American sailor, in the Northumberland docks in August last. It was proved that the prisoner pulled Witham out of his berth, and knocked him down with a "knuckle duster," inflicting injuries from which Witham died in five days afterwards. The jury returned a verict of manslaughter, and Moody was sentenced to penal servitude for life.—*English Paper.*

They do not seem to have a correct idea of the nature of "a good joke," and of a "farce," in Newcastle. One of our Philadelphia judges should enlighten them upon the subject. Perhaps, however, the English think that what is sport for the officers, as in the celebrated fable of the boys and the frogs, may be death to the sailors.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 168—Adults 60, and children 108.

OUR POSITION.—In answer to a correspondent, we may say, that THE POST is a Literary, News, and Family paper, and thinks it wisest to leave the discussion of all questions connected with the politics of the country to the political papers, which are not only abundantly numerous and able to perform that duty—but even, very often, to *overdo* it. Taken, as THE POST is, by men of all parties and sections, we find that it cannot touch any political question, even in the most guarded and moderate manner, without giving serious offence to large classes of its readers. And in its more appropriate departments of literature, Agriculture, and News, there is as large a field open to it as it is able to occupy.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S LECTURE.—Mrs. S. J. Lippincott, (better known by the name of "Grace Greenwood") lectured last week before the *Jefferson Literary Union* of this city, upon "The Heroic in Common Life." This is an admirably written lecture, and was very well delivered. The voice of the lecturer can be heard in any room of reasonable capacity, and her manner is both earnest and pleasing. We have not time at present to enter upon any analysis of the lecture, but we may briefly say that any of our readers who may desire to listen to one whom they have so long and favorably known in print, will find themselves amply repaid alike by the matter and manner of the lectures given by Mrs. Lippincott.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.—In our next, the first paper of the new year, we design commencing this intensely interesting novelet, written expressly for THE POST by the author of "The Red Court Farm," "The Rock," &c. As it will almost undoubtedly make a sensation, we trust our old subscribers will renew their subscriptions promptly, so as to run no danger of not getting the early numbers of this powerful story. It will probably run through some twelve or thirteen numbers, and will be worth in itself the price of the paper for a year.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Christmas gifts are now in order, and few could be more charming than a gilt-edged, gold-arabesqued green volume, now before us, entitled THE WHITE HILLS; THEIR LEGENDS, LANDSCAPE AND POETRY, by THOMAS STARR KING. (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.) With Mr. King, the White Mountains, or, as he calls them, the White Hills, are, in Byron's phrase, "a feeling." He knows them, and they know him. He has trodden them in all directions, and would go, we dare say, fifty miles out of his way, any day, to get a new view of their beauty, or add one scrap of their history or legend to his store. The mountains should rejice in their lover, for in this volume he has celebrated their wild charms in prose so flushed with enthusiasm, so warm and lyrical, that it is next of blood to the quotations from the poets which illustrate the theme on every other page. Fifty or sixty exquisite drawings on wood contribute to the attractions of the volume, which, to any one who has trodden this glorious region—one of our American Switzerlands—must be a superb souvenir, and to any one who has not, a permanent temptation to make the journey on the first opportunity.

We have a work of sterling value in THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. ARNOLD. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) Dr. Arnold is well known, even in this country, not only by his noble history of Rome, but as the master of the famous school at Rugby—a school which was truly a nursery of those manly and heroic traits that adorn the representative Englishman. The severe beauty of his character comes out in clear statuesque lines in these letters.—Roman manhood and Christian virtue fuse in Arnold into a pure image of stern grace.

A fine new edition of TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY has just been published. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) It has made Dr. Arnold wider known among us, and shows the feeling with which the boys at Rugby regarded him. Besides, it is a capital story, and a vivid and graphic picture of school-life in England.

We know who wrote SIR ROLAND'S GHOST, the new romance about which there is much talk. The publishers (J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston,) say it is a secret; but it is a secret which we found out before we had read twenty pages. The regnancy of fancy, the phantasmal and Hoffmanesque character of the story, the affluent vocabulary, the sensuous love of color, and the Sybaritism of the descriptions, such as those of the rare wines and the hothouse flowers, all pointed out MR. FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN, as the man in the mask, without a peradventure.

A fine collection of pianoforte music—mazourkas, redowas, polkas, schottishes, galops, marches, waltzes, and dances of many kinds—fit for parlor and drawing room recreations, may be found under the title of THE HOME CIRCLE. (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.)

Two good books for the boys. One, THE CRUSADES AND THE CRUSADERS, by JOHN G. EDGAR, telling the story of Peter the Hermit, Coeur de Lion and Saladin, and the rest; the other, one of Captain MAYNE REID'S tales, surprising as the Arabian Nights, and twice as real, entitled the BOY-TAR, OR A VOYAGE IN THE BARK. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.)

Do our serious readers know the writings of the Rev. JOHN G. WILSON, of this city? Students of the Bible, and lovers of sacred, as distinguished from secular, literature, should have great pleasure in them. Mr. Wilson's recent volume of DISCOURSES ON PROPHECY has merits, as respects the originality and force of its view of the Divine scheme of the Redemption, the clearness of its style, the vigor of its reasoning, and the extent and thoroughness of its Biblical knowledge, which are not possessed by many works of far greater pretension. He has just published a new volume entitled WITNESS IN PROSE AND VERSE ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. (WM. S. & Alfred Martien, Phila.) The main paper in this volume is devoted to a thorough discussion of the Sabbath question, which involves the presentation of the Sabbatical institution in all its aspects and relations, as it appears to an orthodox mind. The argument here may be taken as the other side

to Mr. William Logan Fisher's book on the same subject. Perhaps all that can be said on either side is contained compendiously in these two works—so that an inquiring mind, after a perusal of them, may find itself in a condition to render its verdict, the evidence being all in. Another paper in this volume—"A Dialogue Between Reason and Revelation on the Incorruptibility of the Saviour's Body"—shows Mr. Wilson's wonderful acquaintance with Scripture, every text of which seems to lie in his mind ready for use, like the charges in a revolver. The reader whose tastes dispose him to reading of this sort, will find in the new volume, as in Mr. Wilson's other works, much to interest and instruct, much also to elevate and cheer him.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE WIFE'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. By the Author of Grace Hamilton's School-Days, etc. Sheldon & Co., New York.

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS; or, Invisible Things Understood by Things that are Made. By CHRISTIAN SCRIVER, Minister of Magdeburg in 1671. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

APELLES AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. A Novel. By the Author of Ernest Carroll. T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston.

STORIES OF HENRY AND HENRIETTA. From the French of A. Dufresne. T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston.

OUR SCHOOL-HOUSE, AND WHAT WAS SAID AND DONE IN IT. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston.

PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE SWISS. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston.

THE LIFE OF WHITEHOAR WOODCHUCK. By UNCLE FAUNUS. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston.

HOW COULD HE HELP IT? or, The Heart Triumphant. By A. S. ROE. Derby & Jackson, New York.

THE FEMALE SKEPTIC; or, Faith triumphant. Robert M. De Witt, New York.

THE FLORENCE STORIES. By JACOB ABBOTT. Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE OAKLAND STORIES. By GEORGE B. TAYLOR. Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE OLD BATTLE GROUND. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, author of "Father Brighthopes," etc. Sheldon & Co., New York.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE, A MERRY GAME FOR OUR FRIENDS. Jas. Munroe & Co., Boston.

GREAT FACTS; A POPULAR HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST REMARKABLE INVENTIONS DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY. By FREDERICK C. BAKEWELL. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

EVENINGS AT THE MICROSCOPE. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F. R. S. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CHILD. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

POEMS. By HENRY TIMROD. Ticknor & Fields. Boston.

A MANUAL OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES, INSTITUTIONS AND SOCIETIES IN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH PROVINCES OF NORTH AMERICA. By WILLIAM J. REESE. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE COUNTRY CHILD.

Child of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lulled on the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mong the trees of June;
I sing of thee;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

☞ Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ In packing a one-horse team, an Irishman can take down the world. We saw one the other day, start in a gig. The load consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Mulloney, the three Misses Mulloney—Master Mulloney—the house dog—two goats, and a "slip of a pig," in a handbox.

☞ Congressional Parodox—Much speaking, but no Speaker.—*Saturday Press.*

☞ We should not, in our attempts to elevate ourselves, lose sight of safety. He who stands upon a tall man's shoulders, can look over the heads of those around him, but his footing is much less secure than theirs.

Thou, too, sail on, oh, ship of state!
Sail on, oh, Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—*Longfellow.*

☞ There is a firm doing business in St. Louis under the name of "Livepoor and Dierich."

☞ Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience. It was so with our first parents, and it has ever been so with all their descendants.

☞ The bond which holds the iniquitous together is one perpetually liable to rupture. The very principle which brings the parties to co-operate, that of the spoils, is one which constantly prompts each to make prey of the other.—*W. G. Simms.*

☞ A devotee bewailed to her confessor her inordinate love of play. The confessor pointed out to her that she should especially regret the loss of time it entailed. "Alas, yes! my father," replied the penitent, "one *does* lose so much time in shuffling the cards!"

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AUTUMN PASTIMES—FUEL TO FIRE—AN EPISODE OF MAGENTA—SUNDAY BATTLES—WHAT ONE CAN DO WITH A DICTIONARY—MARCH OF INNOVATION—EGYPT REJOICING—EAST AND WEST.

PARIS, Dec. 1, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Hunting and shooting are just now the order of the day from one end of Europe to the other, but happily the victims of gunpowder are either quadruped or feathered. The French Emperor, who is considered a "crack" shot, seems very fond of the excitement of the chase; and even the Empress appears to enjoy the great hunting-parties which are "organized" at Compiegne during the autumn residence of the Court at that ancient hunting-ground of the Kings of France. The long-haired "do-nothing" Merovingian sovereigns, with their hard, Frankish names, and their coats of cloth of gold, who formerly did such execution on the wolves, bears and boars of their favorite preserves, would, however, be not a little astonished, could they rise from their decaying tombs, and see the Empress and her ladies preparing to dash through their quiet glades, in the extraordinary hunting costume which her Majesty has invented this autumn, and which seems to impress beholders with anything than feelings of reverence. As described to me the other day by a gentleman just come back from Compiegne, this costume appears to consist of a short tunic of violet-colored cloth, made otherwise like an ordinary riding habit, with pantaloons of the same, tucked into high top-boots; a hat and feather, and *red stockings* are held to be indispensable items of this toilet; though how the color of the stockings can be seen when worn with "top-boots," is a point which I humbly express my inability to determine. At the great hunt of last week, the Emperor came off first, shooting down 87 pieces of game with his own Imperial hands; Lord Cowley, the English Minister, coming next, on the strength of 63 victims duly tagged. From Prussia we learn that, at a recent royal shooting-party at Letzlingen, 250 deer and 30 wild boars were killed; the Prince Regent alone bringing down 67 head of game.

If Kings and Emperors would confine themselves to this mode of employing their guns, the European public would have cause to be thankful. But despite the pacific speeches of the Emperor, the vague expectation of coming trouble remains uppermost in most men's minds. The simple fact that France is maintaining and adding to a navy so utterly disproportioned to any peaceful and legitimate need of hers, while, thanks to the present organization of the army, the soldiers, if all dismissed to their homes to-morrow, would be ready, at a fortnight's summons, to take the field to the number of some 160,000, while the whole enormous mass of 600,000 fighting men of which the French army practically consists, could be brought into action in an incredibly short time, is sufficient to keep all the neighbors of glory loving France in a state of latent disquiet.

"Straws show," says the proverb, "which way the wind blows;" and it is certainly odd that while the Emperor is endeavoring, by diplomatic assurance, and by injunctions to the Prefects to restrain the violent diatribes of the provincial press against England, and to persuade the world that he really is a dove with an olive branch in his beak, it is intended to carry out the project—laid aside in 1848—of attaching to the *livret*, or service-book, of each soldier, the history of the corps to which he belongs, grouping all the facts relating to it so as to form a sort of military legend, which might easily be continued from time to time; a measure which would be calculated, in the highest degree, to stimulate the enthusiasm of every individual soldier to the highest point, and heighten his desire to add to the "glorious" deeds of the corps of which he is a member. Yet how little these brave fellows need such a stimulus to the odious trade of the mutual butchery of war, every little episode of the late campaign abundantly testifies. What need, for instance, had the French soldiers who won the bloody field of Magenta, of such an addition to their stock of warlike pluck? The conflict, on that memorable spot, was exceedingly severe round the railway station; and as the French regiments came on, men were busily employed in removing the wounded, fearing that if their comrades should by chance be obliged to turn back, those lying on the ground would be trampled under foot. While thus engaged, an officer perceived a soldier on his knees near his musket, binding up his head in a handkerchief, having received a thrust from a bayonet which had passed through his cheek and entered his left eye. The officer, seeing him so badly wounded, told him to go to the ambulance.

"To the ambulance!" cried the soldier, "and why?"

"Because you have lost your eye," said the officer.

"Yes," replied the soldier, "but the other eye is good," at the same time pointing his musket to show that he could still take aim. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the railway station was in the hands of the French. An Austrian ball struck the arm of a French soldier who was climbing up to one of the windows, and he fell. The same officer ran and raised him up.

"Ah! is that you, Captain?" said the man, who proved to be the same who had lost his eye just before, "thank you! but the rascals have broken my arm."

"Yes," returned the officer, "have you not had enough of it now?"

The soldier did not reply for a moment; but after taking up his musket, he said with a smile,

"'Tis only the left arm, *Mon Capitaine*; the other is still good;" and he again hurried to the combat. The Captain went on also; and in a few moments saw him fall again from a shot in the breast.

"Poor fellow," said the officer, leaning over him. The soldier heard his voice, and with dying accents gasped out, "*Mon Capitaine*, you must not be angry with me; for, if I had left the field, two other men would have been hit, whereas, in my case, it makes no great matter, as my time was evidently come." And the poor fellow fell back and expired. The officer, who afterwards told the story of this brave fellow's indifference to pain, and his indomitable bravery, himself fell mortally wounded at Solferino. And such is war; taking the bravest, the strongest, and the most active; the very flower of the nation, in France at any rate, where the system of conscription prevails; sparing nothing, respecting nothing, and insulting the daylight with the spectacle of the most ingenious application of science to the destruction of the noblest works of God and man!

As though the genius of war liked occasionally to indulge in a grim joke at the expense of the so-called followers of the Prince of Peace, who have organized the work of human slaughter as no Pagan nations ever succeeded in doing, it is curious to see how many of the great battles of modern time have been fought on a Sunday. The war of the Austrian Succession offers an example in the battle of Val of Laffeld, near Maestricht, fought on Sunday the 2d of July, 1747. The Peninsular war is fruitful in Sunday fighting. The second battle in Portugal, that of Vimiera, was fought on Sunday, 21st of August, 1808. The battle of Fuentes d'Onor on the 5th of May, 1811, was also fought on a Sunday. On Sunday evening, January 19th, 1812, Lord Wellington issued the brief and determined order that "Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock." The battle of Orthes was fought on Sunday, February 27th, 1814; and that of Toulouse—the last general action of the Peninsular war—occurred on Easter Sunday, the 10th of April following. The battle of Waterloo was also decided on a Sunday, the 18th of June, 1815. In the second Burmese war the attack on Rangoon occurred on an Easter Sunday; and the taking of Pegu, under Major-General Godwin, was a Sunday feat. The battle of Inkermann was fought on Sunday, November 5th, 1854; and to crown this long list of bloody Sundays, it was on that day that the late terrible Indian mutiny broke out at Meerut on the 10th of May, 1857.

Which mention of the scene of that fearful modern tragedy reminds me, by the force of contrast, of some funny specimens of Hindu English, afforded by native letters, and showing what a native can accomplish with a dictionary and a (very) little knowledge of English; as in the following, which was intended to convey information to the executive engineer that a certain Post-office window, at some up-country station, had been blown out by a storm.

"Honored Master—Yesterday evening came one great hurricane, valve of window-aperture, not fastened, first make great trepidation and palpitation, then precipitation into precinct. God grant master more long life, and more great post.

"I remain honored master's most obedient servant,

"PURVOR OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT."

But slow as may be the progress of the Hindu mind in regard of English prosody, the world is certainly "getting on," for a line of omnibuses has recently been established at Beyrouth, in Syria. Nothing of the kind having ever been seen or imagined in that part of the world, the Bedouins rush from all sides to see them pass, and stand looking after them in utter astonishment. The "Romance of the Desert" is fast disappearing! as for the trains of pilgrims that now wind their way in such picturesque medley of costumes and camels over the arid plains of the East, we shall soon hear of them being whisked into Arabia by express railway-trains.

Steam and Mohammedan pilgrimages co-existent in this strange nineteenth century of gold and clay! Yet so it is. A recent publication of the Ministry of Algeria makes some curious statements relating to the pilgrimages to Mecca during the present year. The ceremonies at that city terminated on the 11th of last month, in the presence of about 50,000 pilgrims, of whom 17,850 had come by sea, and 32,150 by land. In 1858, there were 160,000 pilgrims; in 1857, 140,000; and in 1856, 120,000. This great decrease in their number in 1859, is owing, the natives declare, to the events of Djeddah last year, and also to fear of the cholera, which made extensive ravages in 1858. As soon as the pilgrim sets foot on the sacred soil of Mecca, he must put on two pieces of white cloth, one tied round the loins with ends hanging down the middle of the leg; the other thrown over the shoulders, so as to leave the right arm free. He must go bare-headed, and wear sandals. As long as he wears this garment he is bound to lead a pure and regular life. At Mecca, he begins the ceremonies under the direction of a guide. They are as follows:—1, visiting the Temple, and going seven times round the Kaaba, starting from the Black Stone, which he must kiss or touch in completing each circuit; 2, drinking the water of the Well of Zem-Zem, at which, says Tradition, Hagar and Ishmael quenched their thirst; 3, praying at the station of Abraham, marked by a stone on which he is said to have stood when he went to sacrifice his son; 4, stopping and praying at the place called El-Majen, the spot where Solomon stood to see the mortar mixed for building the temple; 5, running seven times between Mounts Safa and Merwa, within the limits of the city, in commemoration of Hagar's anxious search for water for herself and her son; 6, repairing on the 9th day of the month to Mount Arafat, about twelve miles from Mecca, after morning prayer. Mahometan tradition says that on this hill Adam built a temple, and Mahomet performed his devotions; 7, on the following day, the pilgrims all go in a body to the valley of Mouna, and there sacrifice propitiatory victims; they also cut their hair and nails, devoutly burying the portions cut off. After remaining two days at Mouna, they again visit the temple of Mecca, and then prepare for their departure.

One portion of the Mohammedan world, that of Egypt, is just now in a state of great jubilation; the Nile, whose insufficient risings have kept the country comparatively barren for a few years past, having now overflowed the country to a depth greater than has been known for many seasons, so that the inhabitants have been able to inundate their fields several times, at the regular intervals. Consequently, the harvest of wheat, barley, and other grain is expected to be exceedingly abundant. Apropos of which happy prospect, I may mention that a Commission is now sitting in France to examine into the cause of the inferior quality of Egyptian wheat, which, on account of its bad smell, and the difficulty with which its flour ferments in the making of bread, fetches one-fourth and even one-third less than European wheat in the French markets. The eminent chemist, M. Payen, attributes this bad quality to the manner of threshing used in Egypt, viz.: by making horses and mules gallop over the sheaves; as also to the destructive influence of insects, &c. But it appears that Egyptian corn, threshed and cleaned with the greatest care according to the most approved French methods, has been found open to the same objections.

A friend of mine who has just passed through Paris on his way home to London from a tour in Algeria and Tunis, reports that there is a general excitement among the Mohammedans of those countries, and according to them, of the rest of their co-believers all the world over, consequent on the fulfilment of various prophecies of former saints of their own faith, respecting the political and social changes now taking place. The exclusiveness of Mohammedan usages seems to be giving way to ideas of progress, which, however slow in taking form among them, will evidently work many changes in their future development. It is said that many Turkish gentlemen are renouncing the custom of polygamy, and that this barrier to social improvement in the East is slowly falling. The grandees still pride themselves on the extent and splendor of their harems; but the progress of private individuals seems, in Turkey at least, to be setting an example to their rulers. The inordinate luxury and extravagance of the Imperial harems seems at last to have convinced the well-meaning but weak Sultan of the necessity of reform in this direction; especially as all the Pashas make it a point of honor to imitate, as far as they can, the reckless expenditure of their master's seraglio, and commit every species of peculation, robbery, and corruption of justice in their respective governments, in order to find the funds wherewith to support the extravagance of dress, equipage and living of their countless women. These ladies are all, moreover, so possessed with the spirit of intrigue, that two-thirds of the troubles which have harassed Turkey of late years are said to be fairly attributable to their machinations; and the Turkish Government has accordingly come out with a sumptuary edict "concerning the reform of the costume of Turkish women," which proves, at all events, that, under the seeming immobility of Turkish habits, "the new" is actively combatting "the old." The Imperial "Hatti" begins as follows:—It is admitted that everybody ought to take the utmost care to keep himself free from everything that may have a tendency to injure morality; and that everybody ought also to keep watch constantly over the honor of his family and those who belong to him. The laws and customs of every nation have consecrated all that relates to the maintenance and observance of public decency and morality. In the same way, in the supreme law of Islam, the first condition of the maintenance of public decency consists in the use of the veil by women; thus, a submission to this usage is, for a Mussulman woman, not only a social duty, but also a precept of the faith."

After this exordium, the "Hat" goes on to state that, nevertheless, "a certain number of women, for some time past," have, contrary to the laws of morality, used veils made of half-transparent tissues, and dresses made of various new-fangled stuffs, "never used in old times for that purpose," and they go about the streets dressed in this indecent way; that they mix with men in the public promenades, and behave in a way opposed to decency and morality; "all which," says the "Hat," is subversive of existing laws and morality, and leads to habits of costly expenditure "ruinous to families."

The "Hat" next orders that, "in future, all women, whoever they may be" must, if they leave their homes, wear thick veils that entirely hide their features, and must be dressed in native stuffs, "without embroidery, trimmings, or other exterior ornaments of any sort. They must not go out in stockings and slippers, but must wear tchedicks (half-boots of yellow morocco) worn equally by men and by women in the East, or some other covering for the feet equally decent and modest." The women are forbidden to go into shops, and ordered to stand in the street, at the shop door, when they make their purchases, and to spend only such time as is strictly necessary in so doing; they are not to go into the promenades of the men, but to remain in those set apart exclusively for women; and any woman behaving improperly in the streets, is to be severely punished; no family is to keep carriages more elegant than its fortune warrants, and "no coachmen are to be chosen among those persons whose company may offer any risks for the women;" the men, moreover, are enjoined to conduct themselves in accordance with morality and law, "everywhere, in the markets, in the streets, and especially in the public walks, or they will be punished with equal severity; they are to avoid everything contrary to good behaviour, and are absolutely forbidden to make use of fermented drinks, both in their own houses, and in public places."

This Imperial proclamation, which, if its terms be enforced, will carry dismay into all the harems of Turkey, from those of the Sultan downwards, is dated "the 13th rebi-ul-ahir, 1267;" *anglice*, 9th November, 1859.

A curious pendant to the above, as an indication of the point at which female development has arrived in one hemisphere, is afforded by an incident of the late trial of Leonie Chereau, for the abduction of the infant of M. Hua, of this city, when certain letters sent by the defendant to the young clerk with whom she had been intimate, were much admired for a certain delicacy and grace of expression which seemed greatly to touch both audience and jury. It now appears that the young lady's mode of proceeding was exceedingly simple. She took the letters which Alexandre Dumas, *Jr.*, has attributed to Marguerite, in his play of the *Dame Aux Camelliax*, changed them slightly so as to suit her own position, and then sent them to their destination. This borrowed eloquence, however, does not seem to have had anything like as much effect on the young man as on the public, as the former resolutely refused to marry her; and this young person of 17, who has occupied a position of such unenviable notoriety for several weeks, and has proved herself so precocious an adept in deception and crime, is now to be placed, until she attains her majority, in the great boarding-school of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Orleans where her society can hardly be expected to be particularly edifying to her schoolmates.

QUANTUM.

☞ A father and son, Anthony and Thomas Screw, escaped, on the 25th ult., from the Wetumpka jail. There are two screws loose.

☞ "I'm afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I'm going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied the spouse, "I've seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were first married."

☞ An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed the congregation: "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am now just half through my sermon, but as I perceive your impatience, I wilsay that the remaining half is not more than quarter as long as that you have hear!"

☞ Fontenelle, describing the position of a friend who had involved himself in a very serious scrape, thus relates the method of his extrication: "He got himself out of it like a clever man. Do you know what he did? He died."

☞ Imagination I understand to be the representation of an individual thought. Imagination is of three kinds: joined with belief of that which is to come; joined with memory of that which is past; and of things present.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ Upon matters which are affected by fancy and sentiment, the judgment of woman surpass that of man; her more sensitive nature carries her to heights which his coarser nature cannot reach.

☞ One has but to glance over the title-page of those books which bear the honors of many editions, to perceive the extraordinary from of popularity, which bestows upon the most frivolous and commonplace performances appuse as great as that with which it celebrates the most eminent works of genius.—*Engh Review.*

☞ Says one Hindoo: "Wash charcoal as much as you like, it will always remain black; so bad man cannot become good." "But," repeats another, "let fire enter in the charcoal and it becomes luminous; and so truth, entering into a bad man, will make him luminous good."

☞ The Chinese say their commander on the 6th of June was "a Mongolian general, of great skill and prudence, named Lingul-lin-Sin" which, being interpreted, signifies "The Artful Brick."

☞ In the town of Perth, Scotland, in 1616, Joh Tenender was ordered to have a red staff, in readiness on Sundays, "therewith to waken sleepers, and *to remove greeting bairns furth of the kirk.*"

☞ A Friend.—Oh! the blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly on any subject, with whom one's deepest, as well as one's most foolish thoughts come out simply and safely. Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.—*A Life for a Life.*

☞ These fellow-mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are; you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people, among whom your life is passed, that it is needful you should tolerate, pity, and love; it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people, whose moments of goodness you should be able to admire—for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience.—*Adam Bede.*

☞ A Gascon officer, demanding his salary from the Minister of War, declared that he was in danger of dying with hunger. The Minister, who saw that his visage was full and ruddy, told him that his face contradicted his statement. "Ah, sir," said he, "don't trust to that; this face is not mine, it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time past!"

☞ Love your enemies—those of kind disposition return love for hatred, as the more you squeeze sugar-cane the more juice it gives.—*Hindoo Maxim.*

☞ Dr. Johnson has said that every one is of importance to himself.

Thus above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can't not then be false to any man.

—*Shakspeare.*

☞ The Duke of Wellington giving orders one day during the Peninsular campaign, for a battalion to attempt a rather dangerous enterprise—the storming of one of the enemy's batteries of St. Sebastian—complimented the officer by saying that his regiment was the first in this world. "Yes," replied the officer, leading on his men, "and before your lordship's orders are finally executed, it will probably be the first in the next."

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth,
A mean the surest lot;
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

—*Robert Southwell.*

☞ General Zaremba had a very long Polish name. The King having heard of it, one day asked him, good-humoredly, "Pray, Zaremba, what is your name?" The general repeated to him immediately the whole name. "Why," said the King, "the devil himself never had such a name." "I should presume not, sire," replied the general, "as he was no relation of mine."

☞ A Mr. Archer has been sent to the Ohio Penitentiary for marrying three wives. "Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?"

ANECDOTES OF CAMPBELL.

The presence of Scott at Campbell's first lodgings in Margaret street I well remember. However this may be, the great novelist was in good spirits, and told an entertaining story about a horse going off and leaving a bridle on his arm, Mrs. Campbell not controlling her laughter. The particular points I cannot recall. Campbell was in good spirits. I took coffee there, and during our chat, Campbell said:

"I have a mind to try an impromptu."

"I fancy that such things are not so much your forte as Theodore Hook's," I observed.

"Well, I will try. Leave me alone for a few minutes."

I took up a book. Campbell quickly repeated the following lines:

"Quoth the South to the North, 'In your comfortless sky
Not a nightingale sings.' 'True,' the North made reply:
'But your nightingales' warblings I envy you not,
When I think of the strains of my Burns and my Scott!'"

Campbell and a few friends had been invited to meet Augustus William Schlegel at Colburn's, in Conduit street, on the occasion of a visit made by the former to England. The conversation happened to turn upon the accessions which Schlegel said the English language had received from all parts of the world, as we import merchandise, and he remarked that even the Cossack "hourra" had been naturalized in England.

"Stay, my friend," said Campbell, "hurrah is an old English exclamation."

"Not so very old," replied Schlegel.

"Oh, yes," said several voices at once.

"It is not as old as Shakspeare's time," said Schlegel; "it is not as old as Elizabeth."

Blaquiere, in his thoughtless way, said he was certain it was older. Campbell declared the same. Bodin was silent.

"Might it not mean originally a noise, a storm, and be from the French ouragan?"

"We never borrowed the word from the cut-throat Cossacks," said Campbell; "we have only just heard of the existence of the savages—it is a word of long usage in this country."

"Borrowed or not of the Cossacks," rejoined Schlegel, "you will not find it in your old writers, neither in Shakspeare, nor in Shakspeare's time. It must have been introduced since. I am better qualified than any one present to judge of such minutiæ in the poet. I know every word he has used. His translation into German cost me years of hard study."

Some one remarked that the word "huzza" was in Shakspeare, and that "hurrah" was, perhaps, originally a provincial corruption of the word as old as Elizabeth.

"Huzza is not in Shakspeare either," said Schlegel, with emphasis.

Campbell, rather stimulated by Schlegel's positiveness, and without a wary consideration of the question, acting, too, as he always did, under the impulse of momentary bias rather than cool reflection, said to Schlegel:

"My friend, you are wrong. I am quite clear the word is in Shakspeare. We never borrowed it of those Russians. We were never enough in their good company to steal it of them. Besides, I recollect the word in a number of old songs."

"That may be," replied Schlegel with pertinacious confidence; "I do not believe the word was in use as early as Shakspeare's time, because he never used it, and he had every use for the familiar words of his native tongue."

"It cannot be so," said Campbell, supported in his opinion by the rest of the company.

"You are all wrong," rejoined Schlegel, with renewed confidence; "I am a foreigner, and much more likely to have noticed such niceties in the language than you are, who are fellow natives with the poet."

Campbell still insisted upon his opinion being correct, others offered the never-failing resource of their countrymen in such dilemmas, to settle the question, right or wrong, by a bet. Schlegel took it up, offering to wager a breakfast at Brunet's hotel, where he was staying, that he was correct, and his offer was accepted.

It is needless to say this distinguished critic was right, and all the rest of the party wrong. Neither "hurrah" nor "huzza" occur in Shakspeare; tolerable evidence the words came in after the era of Elizabeth.

Visiting Cheltenham, some poetry came from Mrs. Hemans, in Wales. Campbell wrote with the verses, "Though Mrs. H. is a very pretty writer, we must not have too many pieces by the same hand, for fear of monotony." Mrs. Hemans's little foibles—a poet's foibles—are well known. One evening, when indulging in an almost unwonted amount of affectation, a gentleman present got up a corrective in the shape of a pun, launched at hap-hazard, and then mothered upon the lioness of the party. The indignation of the latter was something awful. Mrs. Hemans had not written long for the New Monthly, before she characteristically requested that her name should be prefixed at full length to the titles of her pieces, under the ingenious plea that some one, for whose perpetrations she did not at all wish to answer, had adopted the initials she had been in the habit of using.—*Redding's Life of Thomas Campbell.*

☞ Married people, says Dean Swift, for being so closely united, are but the apter to cease loving, as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

☞ Be sure of this, thou shalt never find a friend in thy young years whose conditions and qualities will please thee after thou comest to more discretion and judgment; and then all thou givest is lost, and all wherein thou shalt trust such a one will be discovered.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

☞ NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.—It is said that when a Frenchman has to wait he smokes, a German meditates, an Italian sleeps, an Englishman takes a walk, and an American invents some new contortion of his limbs, and tries to put his feet higher than ever.

☞ Wherever is love and loyalty, great purposes and lofty souls, even though in a hovel or a mine, there is Fairy land.—*Kingsley.*

A LOST LOVE.

So fair, and yet so desolate;
So wan, and yet so young;
Oh, there is grief too deep for tears,
Too sealed for tell-tale tongue!
With a faded flowret in her hand,
Poor little hand, so white!
And dim blue eye from her casement high
She looks upon the night.

Only a little rosebud—
Only a simple flower—
But it blooms no more as it seem'd to bloom
Through many a lone, lone hour,
As they float from her fevered touch away,
The petals withered and brown,
All the hopes she deemed too bright to be dreamed
Sink trembling and fluttering down.

It needs no hush of the Present
To call back the sweet, calm Past;
The lightest summer murmuring
May be heard through the wintry blast;
And the wind is rough with sob and with sough
To-night upon gable and tree,
Till the bare elms wail like spectres pale,
And the pines like a passionate sea.

But she thinks of a dreamy twilight
On the garden walk below,
Of the laurels whispering in their sleep,
And the white rose in full blow.
The early moon had sunk away
Like some pale queen, to die
In the costly shroud of an opal cloud
To the June air's tremulous sigh.

All, all too freshly real;
The soft, subdued eclipse,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart
And the thrill of the wedded lips;
Those tender memories, how they flush
Pale cheek and brow again,
Though heart be changed, and lip estranged,
That swore such loving then!

'Tis but the old, old story
Sung so often in vain;
For man all the freedom of passion,
For woman the calm and the pain.
Tell it the soul whose grief is read
In the poor, pale, suffering face,
It will still cling on to a love that is gone
With the warmth of its first embrace.

Oh, 'tis well for the careless spirit
To weave the web of rhyme,
And prison the idle memories
That float on the breath of time;
But better for many an aching heart,
If ever it might be so,
To forget, to forget the light that has set,
And the dreams of long ago. B. A. B.

THE ORE BEDS OF OGILBY.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARIAN DEAN'S STORY."

He was trembling and faint when he reached the foot, and Susan, either from fright or standing so long in her painful position, was not able to stand. He helped her to a seat on an old mossy log, against the bank, and then discovered that she had a large shawl, folded up and hanging on her arm, which she held without seeming conscious that it was there.

"How came this here?" he asked. "Let me fold it round you—you are shivering."

"Mother hung it on the horn of my saddle when I started, but I couldn't put it on up there." She looked up and shuddered.—"What made you come up here, Mr. Neale? Did you hear me call?"

"I heard you call, but I didn't think it was you."

"Oh, you didn't!" said Susan, slowly, and she lifted her head from his shoulder, but reeled backwards, so she would have fallen if he had not caught her.

"This is foolish of me," she cried, bursting into tears; "I want to go home."

"Sit still until you are warmed and rested," said he, kindly, as he wrapped the shawl closer about her. "Now that you are safe on the ground, I want to know how you came to be here at such a time."

"I wanted to see the ore bed, and I knew all the workmen were going to the meeting this afternoon."

"Well, why couldn't you have come with me some time, when you might have seen them at work?"

"Why couldn't I,—why didn't I, sure enough?" she cried, with something of her old spirit. "You wish every one to go at your bidding, and come at your call. You'd hammer us up, as you do your basket of pebbles, if it would help your *enterprise*!"

Mr. Neale laughed quietly.

"We won't quarrel now, but it seems to me I came at your call this time, and a pretty loud call it was, too."

"Did you see Katy?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes, Katy is safe at home."

"And they were not frightened when she came—they wouldn't have been if I had been dragging by the stirrup!"

"They thought you had tied her to a bush in your uncle's yard."

"There are no poplars in his yard. I thought of that when I broke off loose pieces of stone, and threw at her, and screamed to frighten her. I thought I was safe when I saw her, tearing off down the road, with the poplar bush hanging to the bridle. Why couldn't they see she had been running?"

"I rather imagine Miss Katy played by the way, for she was quite at her ease when she got home."

"She had time enough for it. I waited until I thought she was at home, and then I called. I never knew before how loud I could scream. Can't we go home now?"

She rose, and staggered forward a few steps, but Mr. Neale pulled her back to her seat.

"Sit still until you get over shaking. I should be obliged to carry you before we were half-way there, and I know too well what a load you are. Going down this hill won't be much easier than down the ladder—and, besides, I want to talk to you. Don't you take that as a compliment?"

"No, sir. I've heard you talk to yourself."

"I want to know why you think it your duty to abuse me on all occasions?"

"You provoke me, sir."

"For Heaven's sake, don't *sir* me so. I am 'sired' and 'mistered' all day by the workmen, and when I come home at night I'd give all the world, if 'twere mine, to be called John."

"It is what you like, sir. Didn't you say you would like to have your men drive to work in companies, and you'd be commander over them?"

"Did I? That was one of my day-dreams."

"One of your day-dreams? Who are you, John Neale?"

"I used to think I was a sensible sort of person, but I've begun to doubt it these days."

"A sensible person? You are very humble, Lord Neale."

"I thought I was aspiring pretty high when I said that."

"Who believes you? I heard of you before you came here."

He started up.

"Well, what did you hear?"

"I heard that Mr. John Neale was soleheir to an immense fortune, a great name, and a great deal of nothing to do, and he was coming here to play the play of opening the ore beds for the sake of variety, and to see how much amusement could be got from us country folks. I'll give him credit for being a good actor."

Mr. Neale laughed long and loud.

"Well, 'pon my word, some one is good at romancing. If debts and mortgages make a man rich, then I have inherited a fortune, Susan Langston, all in the world that I can call my own, is this hole in the ground. Now, won't you treat me decently?"

Susan rustled in the dead leaves with her foot, and looked at him half-doubtfully, half-curiously.

Mr. Neale laughed again.

"Do I look better, or worse, as a poor man, digging for his daily bread, and to pay for the bread his great-grandfathers ate before him?"

"Daily bread means a coach-and-six sometimes. I believe you have only two ideas, Mr. Neale—one you carry in your basket along with your specimens; the other is a notion that I mean to abuse you. You call them up whenever you have use for it."

Mr. Neale looked grave.

"Well, both ideas had better be in the basket, I suppose, for a great deal depends on it."

"Indeed! Keep it there, then. Why should you care, as long as I do not meddle with you or yours?"

"Didn't you come here to-day to 'spy out the nakedness of the land'?"

"Be reasonable, Mr. Neale; I wonder now that I ever could have believed such a silly story, but we must each go our own ways, we have nothing in common. You were city-born and city-bred, with aristocratic tastes, and I am only a poor country girl, and I do not chose to give you a chance to laugh at me. I blushed to see your white hands growing brown when you first came here, but I'm sorry for it now. I've seen how you have been shoved by a great many things, and I'll be honest enough to say I've done a great many things to shock you."

Mr. Neale stood staring at her as though he could hardly believe his senses.

"Susan, Susan, you are wild."

"No, I am not; I am telling you the truth. Let me hoe corn, or rake hay, if I will, and you return to your books, and rattle your basket of stones. You may cover the floor with them, if you like," said she, laughing, "and they shall be sacred from my broom as long as you are in earnest."

Mr. Neale looked puzzled, and greatly inclined to laugh.

"I did not think," said he, with a significant glance up at the rock, "that your mind was so weak as to be upset by such a slight elevation as that."

Susan gave a little laugh that sounded more like a sob, and cried in an altered voice,

"Well, if it pleases you to laugh, laugh; but I wanted you to understand me. I knew you have thought me rude and hateful—yes, hateful—that is the word."

Poor Susan, strong as she was, had tired, while clinging to the rocks, to get nervous and wretched.

"Well," said Mr. Neale, quietly, "I must tell you, even at the risk of wounding your vanity, I didn't think much about you until lately, for you did not give me a chance. It seems to me I do remember now, about seeing some one who resembles you very much, push a young gentleman into the brook; and another time, when I left three little bits of stone about as large as walnuts on the floor, this same young lady said, if I were a woman or a fool I would know better."

"I don't care for your saying that now, John Neale, but if you had said that when—"

"When you thought me the great Mr. Neale incog.?"

"When I thought you were deceiving us, as I would have—"

"Broomsticked me, I don't doubt it."

"You must think me an amiable creature! I want to go home—I can go now."

She rose up, and gathered her shawl about her. Mr. Neale offered his arm with much gallantry.

"There, Susan, is my arm, and, thanks to my mountain life, it is a stout one, and if your ladyship will lean on me, its owner will be happy to see you home."

Susan took his arm, and they moved on in silence, until they reached the foot of the hill. She was first to break the silence.

"Mr. Neale."

"Well?"

"I'm afraid you think strange of me because—"

"Why should you care what I think, when I do not meddle with you or yours?"

"Do not repeat my hateful words. I quarrelled with you five minutes after you saved my life, at the risk of your own. Believe me, I am not so ungrateful as that."

"Never mind," said he, laughing; "I don't want you to thank me for doing my duty. I quarrel with you to keep up your courage. If I should let you go on with your thanks and protestations, we should have a scene here directly. Imagine yourself the heroine, fainting on the ground, and I, unlucky wight, running to the spring to fetch water in my hat—and, woe is me! there is a hole in the crown!"

Susan laughed in spite of herself, and was soon talking with him, quite at her ease, and in a manner very different from that she had used to him a short time before. It was not in her nature to be cold and distant, and now it was such a relief to know that Mr. Neale was not a "great nobody."

"Dear me, what will they think!" she cried, as they came into the orchard, near the house, "to see me coming home in such a plight, and at this hour, too?"

Mr. Neale laughed.

"If I were not given to night-walking, and moonlight visits to the hill, they would be wondering where I was, but the door is always left ajar for me."

Susan felt a strange pang, she hardly knew why, when she remembered how many times she had seen him looking dim and shadowy in the darkness, wandering like an unquiet spirit about the fields.

As they entered the house, Mrs. Langston's quick ear detected Susan's step and voice, and she called to her,

"Susan, is that Dan with you? If it is, tell him he must stay all night. He knows where to put his horse."

"No, mother, it isn't Dan."

"Who is it, then?"

"What shall I do?" she whispered.

"Go and tell the whole story, short and quick, and give me a light, for I must read my letters."

She gave him a lamp, and then went into her mother's room, where her low voice and her mother's exclamations soon brought down Ralph to see what the trouble was. When he heard the story, he turned away to brush a tear from his handsome eyes, while his mother patted Susan on the head, and "poor-deared" and pitied her, until they were both comfortably crying. It was getting altogether too earnest to suit him, so he put both hands over his face, and "*boo-hooed*" out.

"Oh, dear, and to think that I should say you were a screech-owl! Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

That was too much for Susan's gravity, and she laughed as hard as she had cried before.

When she went up to her room, Mr. Neale was standing in the hall, by an old desk of her father's, where he kept such books and papers as he did not need in his room. He turned his head as she came up the stairs, and she saw that he was pale as death. She went up to him.

"Tell me, Mr. Neale, that you are not hurt!"

"I am not hurt," said he, mechanically, without raising his eyes from a letter which he had spread on the desk before him, and was smoothing out with his clenched fist. "Go to your room."

"You are sick?"

He bit his lip until it was white, and said, a little more sternly,

"I am not sick; go to your room."

She turned and left him, but long after she heard him walking back and forth in his room. What could be the matter? She knew she had not brought him good news, and puzzled her brains trying to think what it could be, until she fell asleep.

The sun was shining broad and clear when she woke next morning. Mr. Neale had been gone a long time.

"He acts like a bewitched man," said her mother; "he asked how you were, and I told him you were still asleep, and said something about his saving your life. He stared at me as if he didn't understand it, or had forgotten all about it—and ran away before I had finished. He looks as though he had seen a ghost. Your father said something about his getting bad news—something about his mother."

When one of the workmen came down for a drill which he had left, he said, the "governor," as he called him, was shovelling dirt, and throwing stones, and ordering about, in a way that he never had before, and was not coming home to dinner—so they need not wait for him. There had been a "slide" of stones and earth from the opposite ledge, which had made extra work for them.

That night he came home late, and it was pitiful to see him coming slowly through the yard, with his head bowed, and his hands crossed behind him—so different from his usual erect firm tread. Even the fun-loving Ralph was sobered, and whispered to Susan,

"One would think it was he, instead of you, who tried to imitate Saint Thingamy What-you-call-him, and stand on a pillar all night."

When he came down to supper he passed by Susan, then turned to look at her a moment, and asked,

"Are you well, Susan?"

She felt the tears start to her eyes and laughed to hide them, as she answered him. He smiled gently, and sat down to the table—but left it before the others, and went out to walk slowly up and down the porch. The light from the windows glanced on his face, so that it shone out ghastly white, as he passed and repassed them in his walk. Mr. Langston and Ralph looked at him, and at each other, and talked in low tones across the table. Mrs. Langston was listening to them—so Susan stole out unobserved, and came up close beside him.

"Mr. Neale, can I help you? What is it?"

He started when she laid her hand on his arm, and said, almost entreatingly,

"Don't talk to me, Susan—you can't help me."

"Perhaps I can," she persisted.

He turned and said impatiently,

"Let me think."

She left him then and joined her mother and Ralph in the house—but all the evening long she heard his slow, heavy step. It was the last time he passed an evening, so seemingly idle—for on the morrow he commenced work with renewed energy. His evenings were spent, either at the ore bed, or in his own room, looking over papers, and writing. The miners caught some of his spirit, and the little colony about Witch Hill, was busy as a hive of bees on a spring morning. If they were more successful one day than another, in raising ore, he told it to Ralph, loudly and triumphantly, but a gulf seemed widening between him and Susan. It did not vex her now, to hear him dwell so continually on the "mica-slate-granite," but she rejoiced silently with him when he rejoiced, and knew from his looks when the vein of ore grew thin, or they worked in a wrong direction. As she had said they were each going their own way, and their ways were growing farther apart.

The snow lay thick on the ground, and the roar and murmur of the river were hushed, but warm or cold, storm or sunshine, it made no difference to him. One morning when the trees and fences were white with hoar-frost, and the frozen snow creaked under foot, old Stephen came down early with picks and drills, and he and Mr. Neale examined them out in the yard. Stephen talked earnestly, and Mr. Neale seemed first to get angry, and then to ask the old man's pardon, and to beg for some favor as though his life depended upon it. Susan heard Stephen say, as they started,

"It's agin nater—I say it's agin nater; but you hot-headed boys'll talk down an old man, and I'm bound to do it."

When it was nearly noon, Mrs. Langston said,

"Isn't it odd, Susan, that we haven't heard a blast this morning."

Just then there came a crash, a heavy booming sound, then another, and another, until the very house shook. They both sprang to the window. A great cloud of smoke was rising from Witch Hill, and around it, so they could see nothing of the ore bed. Ralph came in from the barn in great wonderment about the strange noise.

"He means to astonish us, I guess," said he, as went to the window and looked out. "But who comes here? 'Tis Ned, on horseback, and without saddle or bridle. Oh! mother, I'm afraid something has happened."

He dashed by them—out of the door, and down to the road to meet the wild horseman. Ned stopped, said a few words to him, and then galloped back again. Ralph bounded back into the house, and began telling them as well as he could, how Mr. Neale was hurt and dying at the ore beds.

"Get a bed, mother, to lay in the sleigh, for I'm going after him, and you, Susan, run to the barn and get one of the boys on the gray pony, and tell him to go for the doctor as quick as he can."

He started after his horses, but Susan dodged by him, and reached the barn first. She sent one of the boys in to get ready, and with the other's help saddled the gray pony, and led him to the door by the time he was fairly capped and mittened. Ralph was soon ready, and went off at full speed, for Mr. Neale seemed like a dear brother to him; but alas! how slowly and sadly he came back. It seemed an age to the two women in the farm-house. A few men from the ore bed came with him, and old Stephen rode in the sleigh, and held the wounded man's head in his lap, while others walked beside it. They carried the rude litter up to the house, silently and tenderly as though they were bearing him to his grave. They carried him up to his own room, and laid him in his bed—the senseless wreck of a once noble form.

"Poor boy, poor foolish boy, why didn't I stand out agin him, as I should, if I'd done my duty," said Stephen, as he passed his hand across his eyes. "He aint for our rough hands now, boys—though God knows I'd give mine to help him. Leave him to the women till the doctor comes. He's alive, and that is all we can say for him. Poor boy, poor foolish boy."

Tears were streaming down his weather-stained cheeks, as he said this, and he left the room, sobbing like a child, followed by Ralph and the young miners, leaving Mrs. Langston and Susan alone. Mrs. Langston stood by the window watching for the doctor.

"Oh, mother, can't we do something?" said Susan.

"Don't! don't! for pity's sake," cried Mrs. Langston, with terror, as she saw Susan approach the bed; "do wait for the doctor."

Susan pulled the blanket carefully from his face, and drew back for a moment, faint, and sick at heart. Could that be John Neale's face?—so blackened, scorched, and stained with blood—and his handsome hair, crisped and filled with powder and dirt. It was only for a moment that she drew back, then she bent down to listen to his breathing, and her hand and step grew firm, as she left the room. She soon returned with water and cloths, which she wrung out and laid on his face and his mangled hands.

"Oh, Susan, Susan, do wait for the doctor," cried Mrs. Langston.

Susan burst into tears.

"Oh, mother, don't talk to me; I can't stand by and do nothing; I know this won't hurt him—and it may do him good. If you'd only come and look at him, mother, you'd think something ought to be done."

There is a jingling of bells at the gate—a sound of voices in the porch, and then a quick step on the stairs. Thank God, it is the doctor at last. Susan drew back when he entered, and watched him as he lifted the clothes from the wounded man. Even he gave a start of horror, that made her heart sink. He looked up and said,

"You did well to cover his face; but before I begin, pale-face, you must leave. One patient at once, is as much as I want." And he pushed her out the door, and called up Stephen and Ralph. "I may want you—and I'll call you when I do," he added, as she went slowly down the stairs, clinging to the banisters. "In the meantime, get me any quantity of warm water and bandages."

It was a relief to have something to do, and she helped her mother get ready the things, which Ralph came for from time to time.

"Poor Neale," cried Ralph, "I don't know as we ought to hope he will live, for he is in danger of being blind, crippled in one hand, and frightfully scarred. And only think, mother, he knew it was dangerous, and would not let any of the men fire off the blast."

He soon called down the stairs, "Come up, mother and Susan; and you, Susan, fetch your little scissors."

"I have been so unfortunate," said the doctor, as they entered the room, "as to break my scissors, and I want to cut the hair from the side of his head. Come up nearer, Mrs. Langston, and see me dress his head, for you will have it to do sometimes."

He did not look so horrible now, with his burnt, tattered clothing, exchanged for clean white, but scarcely more human.

"His head is what troubles me," said the doctor, in a low voice to Susan. "Don't say anything about it, for he may not live, but if he does live I'm afraid his brain will be affected. Don't be alarmed if it is."

That night Ralph and Susan wrote to his mother, telling as carefully as they could of the accident, but urging her, or whoever should come, to come quickly. All the evening deputations of miners were coming to inquire for him, and beg to see him, but they sent them away with "it is the doctor's strict orders that he be kept quiet, and if you wish him well you will go." That was enough, but every night the scene was repeated.

One week from the day of the accident a ceremonious, stately gentleman walked into the hill-side farm-house, and informed its inmates in a manner which he made them feel was decidedly condescending, that he was Mr. Neale's lawyer in Elliott, and he had come to attend to that gentleman's affairs. Mr. Langston took him directly to Mr. Neale's room. He looked at the prostrate form there, tossing with pain and fever, and said, in his stateliest professional way,

"Of course he won't live, therefore I had better settle up his affairs as far as may be now; so give me the keys of his desk?"

Mr. Langston knew he was "one having authority," so he gave him the keys, and such information as he could about the business. Before night he had taken possession of Mr. Neale's papers, paid off and discharged the miners, and started back to Ogilby.

"One thing," said Mr. Langston, as he handed him the reins after he was seated in his sleigh. "Why didn't his mother come or send some word?"

"His mother is an old woman in her dotage," was the reply. "We couldn't make her understand anything about it. I suppose you know," he added, "the poor devil isn't really worth a shilling, except the ore bed, which is greater in his estimation than mine, so you take care of him at your own risk. If he dies and things are settled up you *may* get something, and you may not. If he lives it is your own hunt; but I thought I'd warn you."

Off went the noble horse, and the conceited bundle of selfishness, its driver. Mr. Langston was not a man to "show out" what he thought or felt, but there was a strange working about his lips when he told in the house what he had said. Then he rubbed his knees thoughtfully, and said,

"I *was* tempted to kick that man, but I 'spose it is best that I didn't."

In spite of their anger both Susan and Ralph laughed heartily.

"To think," continued Mr. Langston, "that he should say such a thing when *he* is lying above there, with only the breath of life in him—but there's more of a man in one of John Neale's smashed hands than there is in his whole body."

How wearily the winter wore away. Mr. Neale lived and was mending slowly, but he did not know where he was, or who was about him. All the while he was busy at the ore bed, or thought he was, and dictated long letters to his mother that were never meant to be written. It was all clear to them now, all his strange, unsocial ways, and his greediness for gold. With many a pang Susan listened to the shifts and struggles he was making to enable his mother to live and die on the old place; and that she might never know she was even threatened with its loss. And worst of all it was to shield his own guilty father, and that father since in his grave, that houses, lands, everything, were swept away. It was pitiful to hear the little falsehoods and excuses he invented to deceive her. She was childish, and believed he was hunting and ruralizing with a company of gay youths in a princely sort of way. Now and then a primly folded little letter came from her in which she scolded and complained of his absence, and ended with a little advice, begging him not to be too extravagant, but hoped he would always act handsomely "as became a Neale." Poor foolish mother she did not know how hard the struggle had been to him, brought up in such a princely way, with no care for the future, and no wish ungratified, to find that he was worse than a beggar—with a stain on his name, and no gold to gild it over. His life among them seemed sublime now, and Susan felt as though she would give the world to kneel by his bed, take his scarred, helpless hand in hers, and ask him to forgive her for misunderstanding him as she had, and being so unjust. There he lay now blind and helpless, murmuring,

"She don't understand me—she despises me. Work and dig as you may, John Neale, it is all the same. If she knew it all she might think worse."

She knew it all now, and almost worshipped the unsightly wreck of the noble man. With the courage, which was natural to her, she watched over him in his frightful ravings, when even Ralph shrank from him.

"He saved my life, and it belongs to him," she would say, when with a madman's strength he struggled with his attendants. Fortunately this state did not last long, and was only caused by the fever of his wounds. Then he sank down, and lay days and weeks, so they could only tell he lived by his breathing.

Spring was coming, and with the spring new life to the invalid. He was stronger, and they thought he knew Ralph. One day while he was sleeping Susan sat in his room, with her sewing, so as to be there to wait on him when he awoke. The windows were open, and the sweet spring air swept through; and she looked up at Witch Hill wondering if the feet that once climbed it would ever climb it again, ever so feebly; and thinking, too, with a smile, how little Sammy said, if Mr. Neale died, he would send off old Gill, and he, Sammy, would not be afraid of Mr. Neale, going up and down and around with his basket and hammer. She was thinking of this, and many other things, wandering far away from the little room, but never away from its inmate, when Mr. Neale's voice aroused her.

"Water, water, give me water."

She rose, and, taking a glass from the table, carefully lifted his head. As the glass touched his lips, he started back so as to dash out its contents, and exclaimed,

"Susan! you, Susan!" in such a tone of astonishment, and almost indignation, that she cried,

"Won't you even take a glass of water from my hands! Oh, John Neale, they are hard and brown, maybe, but they are willing to serve you."

She had become so accustomed to talking with him, when he did not understand her, that she did not notice the look of intelligence in his face until he said,

"Brown hands, dear hands, give it to me—and I've spilled it—fill it again. Oh, Susan, what is this? How long have I slept and dreamed, or am I dreaming? Where's Stephen?"

Susan saw that his reason was coming back to him, but he turned his head uneasily on the pillow, and seemed much agitated, so she tried to soothe him, and tell him the sad story by degrees.

"Drink first, John, and then I will call up mother—she can tell you all about it."

"John!" he repeated earnestly, but drank as she bade him. "What ails me, Susan, and what makes it so dark?"

"Let me call mother?"

"No, no, you can tell me—sit down here."

He tried to stretch out one hand, but let it fall on the bed, while a deadly paleness came over his face.

"Susan, my hand is like lead—tell me, was it yesterday at the ore bed—that—"

"Not yesterday, but many months ago."

"Oh, don't deceive me now whoever you are. Are you Susan?"

"I am Susan."

"Take hold of my hand, Susan—you won't be proud, and say any bitter things to me? But why is it so dark?"

"Oh, my poor, dear John, you are blind," she cried, with a sudden burst of tears, holding his weak hand to her lips, and covering it with kisses. His face flushed and then grew pale again, and he lay quite still for a few moments.

"I'll be eyes to you, and hands as long as you live," she sobbed.

"God bless you, Susan, but you don't know what you are saying. Is that the window there?" he said, trying to point in the direction of one of the windows.

"Yes."

"And that looks off on Witch Hill?"

"Yes."

"I can see a little light, Susan, but nothing more. The hill beyond is covered with snow, isn't it?"

"No, my poor boy, the winter is lost to you. The poplars are leaved out—delicate green, and the maple buds are swelling."

"Then 'tis the fresh wind from the hills that I feel on my face. But I can't smell the mignonette down in your garden. You see how well I remember it."

Susan smiled sadly. How strangely he confused all times and places.

"The seeds are only just now planted—there are no flowers there now, John."

"But there will be by the time I can go out and see them. I *shall* see by and by, shall I not?"

"Perhaps,—let me call mother."

"No, no, if you go away, how shall I find you? Take hold of my hand again, and let me tell it. Yesterday—"

"No, many months ago—"

"Say 'dear John' again."

"Many months ago, dear John."

"Many months ago I fired off the blast—do you know why?"

"Yes, yes."

"My mother and everything!"

"Yes, she has written to you many times. I opened the letters because I wrote to her first—when you were first hurt."

A flush rose to his pale cheek, and he whispered,

"The money, Susan?"

"Just as usual, dear John, say no more."

"And what about that hole in the ground we used to quarrel about. Are you that same Susan Langston? If I had had time, I should have hated you, or if I had not loved you—I don't know why, I'm sure. Did I ever tell you that before?"

"Many times."

"When?"

"In the many months you have lain here, blind and helpless."

"And you? Oh, Susan, I shall see sometime. I shall be something besides the horrid, pitiful wreck I am now! I shall say proudly, sometime, I love you, Susan Langston!"

She bent down and kissed his forehead.

He turned quickly away, crying,

"Not now, I'm not such a selfish wretch. Leave me—leave me—I was mad!"

"Dear John."

"Don't! Send your mother up here."

He tossed his head about on the pillow and motioned her away with his maimed hands.

"Mr. Neale." He stopped and murmured, "Better so. Tell me now about the ore bed, and what Stephen is doing."

"Stephen has gone back to Ogilby, and all the miners have moved away."

"How?"

"Mr. Burrage came here and settled up all your affairs—paid the men, and dismissed them. There hasn't been a blow struck since—"

"Throw it in my teeth—I know what you mean. Since I was so fool-hardy—come back, Susan!"

She had opened the door, but came back, and he continued—

"I did not mean it—but just think of it, Susan; I had a pair of strong hands to work myself clear with, and if I had not been in such a hurry—if I had waited one month or one week, I might have been a free man. It was so near the new vein, and no one knew it

but Stephen and I. I could not wait for the old slow way, and laid a train of powder, at which, I believe, Guy Fawkes would have marvelled. Anything more about Mr. Burrage?"

"Yes, he has written that the sale of your mother's house was postponed, and you had money enough to start again, if they did not get it; or—or—"

"Or what?"

"Bury you decently *if* you died."

"Oh, you are the same Susan I used to know."

"Just the same. You have talked enough now. If you say anything more, I will shut down the window. See, here comes a bee after those aldertags and liverworts on the table. He shall keep you company while I'm gone."

She laughed cheerily as she moved about, rolling up her work.

"You are getting a famous appetite. You must be very hungry to-night, for mother has made you a nice custard, with maple sugar that Ralph made in the grove at the foot of Witch Hill. You remember the place in summer—the little brook with water-cresses at the bottom? You shall have some of them, too. And the eggs, I brought from the barn myself. The nest was almost under Dolly's nose, but she munched her hay, and left the eggs on purpose for you. Don't you feel hungry?"

Mr. Neale laughed like a pleased child. He was so weak and weary, in body and mind, that Susan saw plainly he must not be allowed to think or talk of himself.

"And Sammy brought some winter-greens home for you; fresh and bright, only a few days from under their snow blanket, for they grew under the high rock. Do you hear that bee?—he's tumbling about in the flowers. Now be a good boy, and mind me, and you shall have some supper."

She laughed as she went out, shut the door, covered her face with her apron, and began to sob. Only a few moments did she waste in this luxury, but wiped her reddened eyes, and ran down into the garden. She tied up some rose-bushes that did not need tying; dug up one of her beds of mignonette, and did several other equally useless and mischievous jobs. All traces of tears were soon gone from her face, and she sauntered into the house, singing unconcernedly. Her voice trembled a little when she told her mother that Mr. Neale was awake and in his right mind. That meant more to her than to any one else, for she and the doctor only knew how much danger he had been in.

It is needless to tell how the supper was got ready, and carried up in state—how they all stood round his bed, while Ralph helped him to feed himself with his best hand for the first time; and Ralph laughed and cried so much, that Susan had to shut him out of the room and take his place. How Mr. Langston put on his spectacles bottom upwards, and pretended to be reading the advertising columns of the "Ogilby Times," coughing so terribly in the meantime, as to alarm Mrs. Langston. How little Sammy, in a spasm of delight and generosity, offered Mr. Neale his "fox-and-geese board," and made a rash promise to crack a bushel of butter-nuts for him.

Many pleasant days came, with healing on their wings. It was a great event in the family, when Mr. Neale sat in his chair by the window, and the bandages were raised from his eyes a little, so that he could see the outline of Witch Hill, rising up dark against the sky. And a greater still, when he walked in the garden between Ralph and Susan, while Sammy stirred up the beds of mignonette for him to smell.

Soon Mr. Neale takes to lying on the grass-plots while Susan weeds the beds, or on the bench in the porch, which Mrs. Langston covers with blankets and pillows for him. He goes there for fresh air, he says, but he is always sure to go when Susan has her ironing-table there, on warm days. Sometimes he tells her of strange countries he has visited; sometimes she sings him the old songs, and tells him the old stories that linger about the hills, of the old settlers and the Revolution; sometimes they quarrel, and sometimes he says,

"My wife."

She trots her foot decidedly, and says,

"Not yet. You are half-blind now, and can't see my ugly brown face. I'll give you a chance to repent when you can see clearly. You threatened to kill me once, and who knows but you will keep your promise. I'm in no hurry to be thrown down the ledge at Witch Hill, for I remember seeing once, a picture in the 'Book of Martyrs'—"

"Mica—slate—granite," breaks in Mr. Neale.

"Don't interrupt me. I remember seeing—"

"I remember seeing a young lady running through a hay-field."

"Say that I jumped over a hay-stack, do," cries Susan. "Don't be afraid, for Ralph will swear to it."

"But what about the 'Book of Martyrs'?"

"Nothing."

"Don't be dignified now, like the little torment who used to live here. I believe it was she, after all, who jumped over a hay-stack. I'm going to Witch Hill to-morrow, and then good-bye to this green shade forever. I'll give it to you for a keepsake, Sue. Do I look so very bad?"

A troubled, anxious look came into his face. Susan left the table in a moment, and the brown arms were wound about his neck, and the "ugly, brown face," down close to his, whispering words that made him smile so happily, that indeed he did not look "quite so bad." Little by little his eyesight was coming back to him—natural color to his scarred face, and strength to his bruised limbs—he was almost well. So the next day Stephen came over from Ogilby, and, mounted on the gray pony, Mr. Neale rode up to the ore bed. He came back tired, but happy, and the next week there was a smoke rising from the chimney of every little cabin on the hill, and the old familiar sounds of the pick and hammer, with now and then the booming of the blasts, echoing across the valley, was heard there, through all the long summer days.

One year from that time there was a little "clearing" in the maple grove, at the foot of Witch Hill, and a cosy, comfortable house at one side, almost buried in the trees. At the foot of the garden runs the little brook, with "water cresses on the bottom," and any number of dams, saw-mills and forges, in miniature, along its banks, which bear the impress of Sammy Langston's Yankee genius. Indeed he can hardly tell which is his home, the hillside farm house, or sister Susan's. Sister Susan lives in the cosy, comfortable house, when she is not up at the ore bed, with a certain man named John Neale, who imagines, or pretends to imagine, that he can neither see nor hear without her help, and it is utterly impossible to walk about without her. Susan does not object to it, nor call him "Lord Neale," as she used to, and helps to fill his basket with bits of ore, which she hammers up, with the most commendable zeal. Ralph says, as she is a woman, he does not wonder at it; but as Mr. Neale is neither a woman or a fool, he does wonder that he allows it. A stately old lady, almost blind and childish, who is called "mother," in the cosy house, says—

"I had no idea, John, that you had such a passion for geology—it must be your wife led you into it. It is pleasant as a recreation, I suppose, but a Neale never took such an interest in it before."

The two "geologists" smile as they look at each other, and John whispers,

"We might tell her that we are looking for the philosopher's stone, and I think we have found it. With this new vein we have found, a little time, and a good deal of hard labor, and I shall be free from that horrid debt, and the old house will be ours. Then, Sue, the 'recreations' will be over."

"John was such a wild boy, that I was afraid he never would settle down," continues the old lady, as if talking to herself, "but he is much changed lately, even in his looks."

John smiles, and the tears come into Susan's eyes, as she brushes the dark curls from his temple, showing a ghastly white scar, but the poor old eyes do not see it. The gray pony often comes up the shady road to the clearing, with Ralph and Susan's mother, who disgusts John's mother by her talk of butter and cheese, and crops, and cattle.

"A very worthy woman, but vulgar," she says, shaking her stately head, and nibbling with the most dainty satisfaction a bit of this same vulgar woman's cheese.

However, as it is "my son John's wife's mother," she treats her with the most condescending civility, also the still, old man, who comes over every Sunday afternoon for the privilege of shaking the "smashed hand," about which he made the longest speech he ever made in his life. She condescends, too, to marry Mrs. Ralph Langston, who has taken Susan's place in the farm-house.

Witch Hill, inhabited and visited by human beings, is almost losing its name, and no one ever speaks or thinks of old Gill and the blind horse.

"I am thankful to Witch Hill for there things," says John Neale to his wife. "Firstly—"

"Spare us," cries Susan, with her hands to her ears.

"Ahem, Firstly, that you, Susan Neale, *nee* Langston, fell down the ledge—dislodging a considerable amount of dirt and stones, and uncovering what has built this house, and shall build more, and—"

"Nextly."

"Well, *nextly*, if you like the word, I am glad I got hurt there, for it learned me a little lesson of humility, a great one of patience, and another, which I call Susan. Lastly, it learned Susan to love me."

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Says *Porter's Spirit*:—"A friend of ours, who occupies a lordly mansion in Twenty-ninth street, near Fifth avenue, was whilome a contractor for building that section of the Croton Aqueduct which passed through Tarrytown. Soon after he had erected a rude building for the reception of tools and of the workmen, and to afford himself a temporary shelter while engaged in his responsible duties, an old gentleman, plainly dressed and of exceeding unpretending manners, presented himself one day and commenced a conversation with our friend. A great many questions were asked, naturally suggested by the new enterprise of supplying New York city with water, and after a visit of an hour or so, the old gentleman quietly departed. A few days afterwards, accompanied by two ladies, he again visited the head-quarters of our friend, and entered into a more detailed conversation, seemingly intent upon finding out all that was to be learned about the proposed aqueduct.

"These visits finally became a regular affair, and were continued twice a week, for a period of some six months. The conversations were always confined to local subjects, and not a remark escaped from the lips of the visitor which was calculated to inspire curiosity, or suggest that he was other than some plain good-natured person, with plenty of time on his hands, who desired to while away an hour or two in commonplace chit-chat. In course of time our friend finished his labors at Tarrytown, but occasionally met his old friend on the little steamers that serve to connect our suburbs with the heart of the city. One day, while travelling along the Hudson, and busily engaged in conversation with the old gentleman, the steamer suddenly commenced pealing its bell, and made such a racket that our friend left his place, and hunting up the captain, asked him 'what all that noise was about?'

"'Why,' replied that functionary, 'we are opposite Sunnyside, and having Washington Irving on board, by this alarm his servant will be able to meet him at his landing with a carriage.'

"Our friend, in great enthusiasm, exclaimed—'Washington Irving! *He* on board; why, point him out to me; there is no man living whom I would more like to see.'

"At this demonstration, the captain looked quite surprised, and remarked, 'Why, sir, you just left Washington Irving's company, and from the number of times I have seen you in familiar conversation with him on this boat, I supposed you were one of his most intimate friends.'

"The astonishment of our friend may be faintly imagined when he discovered that for more than a half year, twice a week he had had a long conversation with Washington Irving, a person with whom, more than any man living, he desired a personal introduction."

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A BALLAD OF LOUISIANA.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Here, in my rude log-cabin,
Few poorer men there be
Among the mountain ranges
Of western Tennessee.
My limbs are weak and shrunken,
White hairs upon my brow;
My dog—lie still, old fellow!
My sole companion now;
Yet I, when young and lusty,
Have gone through stirring scenes,
For I went down with Carroll,
To fight at New Orleans.

You say you'd like to hear me
The stirring story tell
Of those who stood the battle
And those who fighting fell.
Short work to count our losses;
We stood and dropped the foe,
As easily as by fire-light
Men shoot a buck or doe;
And while they fell by hundreds
Upon the bloody plain,
Of us fourteen were wounded,
And only eight were slain.

The eighth of January,
Before the break of day,
Our raw and hasty levies
Were brought into array.
No cotton-bales before us—
Some fool that falsehood told—
Before us was an earth-work,
Built from the swampy mould;
And there we stood in silence,
And waited, with a frown,
To greet with bloody welcome
The bull-dogs of the crown.

The heavy fog of morning
Still hid the plain from sight,
When came a thread of scarlet,
Marked faintly in the white.
We fired a single cannon,
And, as its thunder rolled,
The mist before us lifted
In many a heavy fold.
The mist before us lifted,
And, in their bravery fine,
Came rushing to their ruin,
The fearless British line.

Then from our waiting cannons
Leaped forth the deadly flame,
To meet the solid columns
That swift and steady came.
The thirty-twos of Crawley,
And Bluche's twenty-four,
To Spotts's eighteen-pounders
Responded with their roar—
Sending the grape-shot deadly
That marked its pathway plain,
And paved the road it travelled
With corses of the slain.

Our rifles firmly grasping
And heedless of the din,
We stood in silence waiting
For orders to begin.
Our fingers on the triggers,
Our hearts with anger stirred,
Grew still more fierce and eager
As Jackson's voice we heard—
"Stand steady! waste no powder!
Wait till your shots will tell!
To-day the work you finish;
See that you do it well!"

Their columns drawing nearer
We felt our patience tire,
When came the voice of Carroll,
Distinct and measured—"Fire!"
Oh! then you should have marked us
Our volleys on them pour,
Have heard our joyous rifles
Ring sharply through the roar;
And seen their foremost columns
Melt hastily away,
As snow in mountain gorges
Before the floods of May.

They soon re-formed their columns
And, mid the fatal rain
We never ceased to hurtle,
Came to their work again.
The Forty-fourth is with them,
That first its laurels won
With stout old Abercrombie
Beneath an Eastern sun.
It rushes to the battle,
And though within the rear
Its leader is a laggard,
It shows no sign of fear.

It did not need its colonel,
For soon there came instead
An eagle-eyed commander,
And on its march he led.
'Twas Packenham in person,
The leader of the field;
I knew it by the cheering
That loudly round him pealed.
And by his quick, sharp movement
We felt his heart was stirred
As when at Salamanca
He led the fighting Third.

I raised my rifle quickly,
I sighted at his breast—
God save the gallant leader,
And take him to his rest!
I did not draw the trigger,
I could not for my life;
So calm he sat his charger
Amid the deadly strife,
That, in my fiercest moment,
A prayer arose from me—
"God save that gallant leader,
Our foeman though he be!"

Sir Edward's charger staggers,
He leaps at once to ground,
And, ere the brute falls bleeding,
Another horse has found.
His right arm falls! 'tis wounded!
He waves on high his left;
In vain he leads the movement;
The ranks in twain are cleft.
The men in scarlet waver
Before the men in brown;
And fly in utter panic
The soldiers of the crown.

I thought the work was over,
But newer shouts were heard,
And came with Gibbs to lead it,
The gallant Ninety-third.
Then Packenham exulting,
With proud and joyous glance,
Cried, "Children of the tartan!
Bold Highlanders advance!
Advance to scale the breastworks,
And drive them from their hold,
And show the stainless courage
That marked your sires of old!"

His voice as yet was ringing,
When quick as light there came
The roaring of a cannon,
And earth seemed all aflame.
Who causes thus the thunder
The doom of men to speak?
It is the Barbarian—
The fearless Dominique!
Down through the marshaled Scotsmen
The step of death is heard,
As by the fierce tornado
Falls half the Ninety-third.

The smoke passed slowly upward,
And as it soared on high
I saw the brave commander
In dying anguish lie.
They bear him from the battle,
Who never fled the foe;
Unmoved by death around them,
His bearers softly go.
In vain their care so gentle—
Fades earth and all its scenes;
The Man of Salamanca
Lies dead at New Orleans.

But where were his Lieutenants?
Had they in terror fled?
No! Keane was sorely wounded,
And Gibbs as good as dead.
Brave Wilkinson commanding,
A Major of Brigade,
The shattered force to rally
A final effort made.
He led it up our ramparts—
Small glory did he gain;
Our captives some, while others fled,
And he himself was slain.

The stormers had retreated,
The bloody work was o'er;
The feet of the invaders
Were soon to leave our shore.
We rested on our rifles,
And talked about the fight,
When ran a sudden murmur
Like fire from left to right.
We turned and saw our chieftain,
And then, good friend of mine,
You should have heard the cheering
That rang along the line.

For well our men remembered
How little when they came,
Had they but native courage,
And trust in Jackson's name;
How through the day he labored,
How kept the vigils still,
Till discipline controlled us,
A stronger power than will;
And how he hurled us at them,
Within the evening hour,
That red night in December,
And made us feel our power.

In answer to our shouting,
Fire lit his eye of gray;
Erect, but thin and pallid,
He passed upon his bay.
Weak from the baffled fever,
And shrunken in each limb,
The swamps of Alabama
Had done their work on him;
But spite of that and fasting,
And hours of sleepless care,
The soul of Andrew Jackson
Shone forth in glory there.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

ENGLISH LIFE
IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal. There are two expressions, corresponding one to the other, which we frequently meet with in old writings, and which are used as a kind of index, marking whether the condition of things was or was not what it ought to be. We read of "Merry England,"—when England was not merry, things were not going well with it; we hear of "the glory of hospitality," England's pre-eminent boast,—by the rules of which all tables, from the table of the twenty-shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory, were open at the dinner hour to all comers, without stint or reserve, or question asked. To every man, according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was free fare and free lodging; bread, beef, and beer for his dinner; for his lodging, perhaps, only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for his pillow, but freely offered and freely taken; the guest probably sharing much as his host fared, neither worse nor better.

There was little fear of abuse of such license; for suspicious characters had no leave to wander at pleasure; and for any man found at large and unable to give a sufficient account of himself, there were the ever-ready parish stocks or town jail. The "glory of hospitality" lasted far down into Elizabeth's time; and then as Camden says, "came in great bravery of building, to the marvellous beautifying of the realm," but to the decay of what he valued more. In such frank style the people lived hating three things with all their hearts—idleness, want and cowardice; and for the rest carrying their hearts high and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was 4 o'clock, with breakfast at 5; after which the laborers went to work and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little.

In the country every unknown face was challenged and examined; if the account given was insufficient, he was brought before the justice; if the village shopkeeper sold bad wares, if the village cobbler made "unhonest shoes," if servants and masters quarrelled, all was to be looked to by the justice; there was no fear lest time should hang heavy with him. At twelve he dined; after dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased. It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but colored with a broad, rosy, English health.—*Froude's History of England.*

☞ I always say to young people:—Beware of carelessness. No fortune will stand it long. You are on the high road to ruin the moment you think yourself rich enough to be careless. —*Sydney Smith.*

REAL HORRORS OF WAR.

Thepade is now busy on the ground of Solfero and Magenta. The manumitted husbandman, now bidden to look up and be cheerful house he has been set free gloriously, rueful takes thought how he shall remedy the sorder his deliverers have brought to him. Almost with despair he gazes upon his croptrodden into a mash by swiftly passing legio; upon the stumps of his vine-trees, cut downpitilessly to warm his benefactors' soup; abo all, upon the memorials they have left to h, of bodies thrust barely a foot below his soilfrom which the sweltering sun distils the thic miasma of decomposition, encompassing him a cloud too broad to travel out of. It wille long before those human shambles can be ade to take the smooth, decent, tranquil aspt of a graveyard.

E for the people outside, who stood around waving the fight, with bated breath and sens painfully strained, it seemed a glorious, thring spectacle, that campaign just now plad out. For those who sit at a distance ancead all the shifts and turnings, and generaltheatrical business of a war in the open fie the trumpet-blowing and fanfares, the floating colors and gaudy liveries, the marchin and manœuvring, the desperate charges an bits of dramatic heroism have a grand impulse-thrilling effect which makes the eyes sprkle and the color come and go. There is, atome, data from Aldershott, to furnish the upholstery and supply a light basis for fancy.

ut this is all no more than the fine coloring of consumptive cheek, or the bloom of a rotteapple. There is not of all things existent, a ore repulsive, coarse, untheatrical business th war, and what it brings with it. The delice film of gaudiness rubs off in an hour; thgold lace tarnishes in a night; the bright uniforms, faded with rain and puddle stains, fainto rags and show great patches. Improvid camps become presently filthy swamps as open sewers. The grand "pomp and circustance of glorious war" is well enough in th abstract: in its details and private bearings its offensive, rough, and overpowering.

'hink only of the common hackneyed expssions which pass so lightly between the li when speaking of a great battle. We tal exultingly, and with a certain fire, of "magnificent charge!" of "a splendid charge!" yet very few will think of the heous particulars these two airy words stand fo The "splendid charge" is a headlong rush omen on strong horses, urged to their fullest sed, riding down and overwhelming an oppos g mass of men on foot. The reader's mind ges no further: being content with the inforation that "the enemy's line was broken and ave way." It does not fill in the picture. To d so effectively, we must think first of an ordiary individual run down in the public street h a horseman moving at an easy pace. The sult is, usually, fracture and violent contuon. We may strengthen the tones of the pture by setting this horseman at full gallop, ad joining to him a company of other flying orsemen. How will it then be with the unhppy pedestrian? So when the "splendid arge" has done its work, and passed by, ere will be found a sight, very much like the ene of a frightful railway accident. There ill be the full complement of backs broken in wo; of arms twisted wholly off; of men impaled upon their own bayonets; of legs smashed up like bits of firewood; of heads sliced pen like apples; of other heads crunched nto soft jelly by iron hoofs of horses; of faces rumpled out of all likeness to anything human. his is what skulks behind "a splendid harge!" This is what follows, as a matter of ourse, when "our fellows rode at them in tyle," and "cut them up famously." Again, how often does the commander, writing home n his official despatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding the enemy were "annoying our right a little, got his gun" into position, and effectually "held them in check." Both expressions are fair drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about "our right wing," teasing and fretting "our" men. And yet, properly translated, it signifies this: that stray men of that right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a Minie bullet flies with sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men, suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground, that a man, here and there, is dropping down quite suddenly with a shriek, his firelock tumbling from his hand; in short, that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line.

The reading public—instructed by journals and books of memoirs—can form for itself satisfactory pictures of the poor soldiers in hospital, lying on their pallets in rows, say at Scutari, having their pillows smoothed, and cooling drinks proffered by those kind, charitable ladies who went out to be their nurses. Has not the public viewed paintings of the scene—the sick warrior lying in comfortable convalescence, and taking with grateful languor the cool beverage from his gentle attendant? The sympathising public has also had presented to it in manly and affecting language, by Mr. Russell, some pictures of those sufferings which fall under the frightful category of gun-shot wounds. Doctor Williamson has now collected a number of cases from the late Indian mutiny, with the view of assisting his profession; take a few samples from this miscellany as among the real horrors of War.

Private John Halliday received a gun-shot wound in the head, which carried away "a large portion of the scalp and bone, and left a "large irregular opening" about two inches in diameter, through which the brain might be seen pulsating. This injury was done by bits of the telegraph wire ingeniously cut up into slugs. Private O'Leary was stricken by a large fragment of shell, and at first appeared not to be seriously injured. Presently he complained of headache and sickness, and a "crucial" incision was at once made. Here was discovered a fracture, and an opening left "about the size of a shilling." The dura mater at once protruded through the wound and was punctured. In a few days convulsive fits came on, with paralysis, and he died comatose. Poor private O'Leary! On post-mortem examination, one-half of his head, internally, was discovered to be a mass of blood and "disorganized cerebral matter." Private M'Kenzie had been hit in the same place, and had several large fragments of bone removed from him by means of an instrument known as Hey's saw; still "inflammation of the brain and its membranes" set in, and the surgeons thought of making a closer examination, when a great fragment of bone was discovered, "turned edgeways," and sticking into the dura mater! Strange to say, private M'Kenzie recovered, and is doing duty now.

Another soldier was brought in with "nearly half the roof of his skull blown off by a shell," yet who held on, till the tenth day.

Often, a ball striking on the scalp splits into two pieces, so stout is the bony texture of the skull. One fragment, however, is sure to penetrate. Sometimes, it leaves a clean round hole with cracks radiating from it in all directions as in a broken pane of glass.

Often, the ball cannot be found, and has to be groped for unsuccessfully, with the probe. One wretched private had to carry it twenty-five days in his head. Another man's piece burst in his hand, and part of the lock got embedded, under his eye, too far in to be removed. Many more were afflicted by a ball making entrance just behind the ear, and passing out over the temple.

Then, come the bayonet wounds, jagged, perplexing, and painful. Now has it been thrust violently through the chest and lungs and out at the back, and is as violently withdrawn with a peculiar twist, whence come suppuration, painful gasping for breath, and all manner of horrid accompaniments. Now it has impaled the intestines, producing strange complication. Now it has pierced the lower extremity of the heart, and, curious to say, the victim has lived five days. The spine comes in, too, for its share of injury. A bullet skims through the body, smashes the lower vertebræ of the column, makes its escape the other side. The bones come away in little pieces. The new Minie ball has, we are told, the useful property of shivering the bone into numberless splinters and fragments. The conical point acts as a wedge, and the scattering of the splinters adds much to the inflammation. So the dismal catalogue runs on.

The real horrors of war are played out to the utmost on the hospital pallet when the theatrical business is all over.

A PARABLE.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects and said to him:

"What is your employment?"

He said,

"I am a blacksmith."

"Go home," said he, "and make me a chain of such a length."

He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said:

"Go make it twice as long."

He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away.

Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again to the monarch, and he said:

"Go and make it longer still."

Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said:

"Take it and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire."

These were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain.

Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain, and he says, "Go and make it longer still."

Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and so when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still?" And then, at last, it will be "Take and bind him hand and foot, cast him into a furnace of fire; 'for the wages of sin is death.'" There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable it will do you good. You must have strong medicines, sometimes when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.—*Spurgeon.*

PHYSICAL TRAINING.—Woe to the class or the nation which has no manly physical training! Look at the manners, the morals, the faces of the young men of the shop keeping classes, if you wish to see the effects of utterly neglecting the physical development of man; of fancying that all the muscular activity he requires under the sun is to be able to stand behind a counter, or sit on a desk stool without tumbling off. Be sure, be sure, that ever since the days of the Persians of old, effeminacy, if not twin sister of cowardice and dishonesty, has always gone hand in hand with them. To that utter neglect of any exercises which call out fortitude, patience, self-dependance and daring, I attribute a great deal of the low sensuality, the conceited vulgarity, the utter want of a high sense of honor, which is increasing just now among the middle classes; and from which the navigator, the engineer, the miner and the sailor are comparatively free—*Kingsley's Miscellanies.*

SHOWING PROPER RESPECT TO A GOVERNOR.—Jack Williams was driving somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston. Stopping at an inn to water his horse, he noticed a rough-looking person standing at the stoop. Naturally supposing him the ostler, he hailed him with:—"Ostler, water my horse!" The individual thus addressed maintained a perfect silence.—Jack again hailed him with no better success; he tried it the third time, adding a small expletive, which seemed to arouse the attention of the silent personage. Stepping from the stoop, he marched gravely up to Jack, and addressed him as follows: "Sir, were you aware of the fact that you were speaking to Governor Carleton, of Connecticut?" Jack immediately descended from his chaise, removed his hat, and said, "Please, Governor Carleton, water my horse!"

A GERMAN KING.

The stories we like most in the German Almanacs are those relating to historical events, and generally turning on the history of Frederick William I., of Prussia, who is the favorite of the nation. There was something thoroughly German even about his stick, and the remembrance that he raised the Prussian people to such an elevation by his energy, renders the people to his virtues very kind, to his failings rather blind. Every year one or the other of the almanacs contains a story, having him for the hero; this year Trenwendt is the fortunate man, and the story called "Good-Morning, Master Gatekeeper," is so characteristic, that we will make an analysis of it.

Master Gregory, who was porter of the town gate at Potsdam in the reign of that severe monarch to whom we have alluded, was the most unfavorable specimen of his class to be found throughout Germany, and that was saying a good deal. He had a habit of keeping the market people waiting outside for hours, and the worse the weather was, the more the old sinner enjoyed it. While the icy snow was cutting their faces, and they stood shivering with cold, he would wrap himself up more closely in his blankets, and turn a deaf ear to their complaints and execrations. In those days a gatekeeper was an important personage; he had not only to open and close the gate, but also the control of the octroi duties, so that he could do pretty well as he pleased.—Hence, the poor peasants did not dare say a word, and even accepted a dose of stick with passive resignation. If they wished to live in peace, they found it best to pay a separate tax, which went into Master Gregory's pocket. Many a lump of butter, and many a young fowl, found their way into his larder, so that no wonder the gatekeeper considered himself the greatest personage in Prussia. His daughter Marie, a charming young girl, would often take compassion on the poor people, and offer to let them in; but her father never consented, and such a proposition was usually greeted by a shower of oaths from the old bear.

Marie had her reasons for keeping in with her father, for she was in love with a soldier in the Guards, one Wilhelm Dorn, the handsomest young fellow in garrison. But she had never breathed a word of this to the old man, for he would have been horrified at the thought of his daughter marrying a private. The mere idea would have given him a stroke of apoplexy. At that time there was a universal prejudice against the troops, perhaps not unjustly, for they were recruited from the vagabonds of all countries. Such a set could only be kept in order by the severest discipline and iron severity. Order could only be maintained by the most frightful punishments, and it is almost impossible to form a notion of the barbarity of the articles of war in those days. Running the gauntlet ten times was the lightest punishment, and any one who dared to complain was flogged to death's door. A deserter had his nose and ears cut off, or else he was hanged; the same fate befel every one who helped a deserter to fly; he was strung up without mercy. Hence, the Prussian army contained very few volunteers, and Wilhelm Dorn was not one of them—he was a clergyman's son, carried off by the royal crimps in consequence of his height, and yielding to the inevitable, he had done his duty properly, and was in daily expectation of his promotion. Under these circumstances he decided on waiting upon old Gregory, and asking his daughter's hand. The gatekeeper was furious at the insult, and repulsed him most harshly. The poor fellow went off in a very desponding mood, which was heightened by a letter he received from Marie, in which she told him that her father meant to marry her next day to their neighbor, the fat baker. This was too much for Wilhelm, and he determined on committing suicide. For this purpose he loaded his trusty firelock and walked down to the banks of the Havel, after leaving a farewell note for Marie. Suddenly he heard voices in his vicinity, which he fancied he recognized, and, on drawing nearer, he saw several men belonging to the Guards, whom he overheard plotting the King's death. It was agreed that the monarch should be shot the next morning at parade with a silver bullet, after which the town would be fired and plundered. The conspirators then separated, leaving Wilhelm to hurry at full speed to the barracks and denounce the plot. But, to his horror, no sooner had he arrived than he was arrested on a charge of attempted desertion by suicide; his letter to Marie had been opened on his being found to be absent without leave. In vain did he ask to be allowed an interview with the officer of the guard; he was thrust into the dungeon, and left to brood over the punishment that awaited him next day.

When the jailor visited Wilhelm, the latter prayed so earnestly to see an officer, that the man fancied he must have gone out of his senses, and fortunately sent for the surgeon, to whom Wilhelm imparted the secret. The surgeon hurried to the palace, and begged to speak to the King, who was in a terrible state of alarm at the message, for he thought that Fugleman Jonas, the tallest man in the regiment, must have been taken dangerously ill. When he found himself mistaken, he raised his stick to thrash the surgeon, after his pleasant manner, but the latter managed to get out of arm's length in time, stating that he had come about non-commissioned officer Dorn.—"A good soldier, too," the King remarked, parenthetically, "and nearly six feet high;" for he knew every man in the regiment. On hearing that he had meditated suicide, the King broke out in a furious passion, and ordered him five hundred lashes on the spot. But when the surgeon told the King of the conspiracy he had detected, the old gentleman grew serious, and went straight to the prison to cross-examine Wilhelm in person. The King had only recently been deceived by the notorious Baron Clement, but had taken his revenge by having the Baron's flesh tweaked with red-hot pincers, and his hand cut off. But Wilhelm was steadfast, and the King proceeded to make inquiries into the truth of his story. The conspirators were convicted, and the grateful monarch asked the non-commissioned officer what reward he expected. All he wished was for his Majesty to speak to gatekeeper Gregory about Marie on his behalf, and to this the King consented, if she were only tall enough. He could not spoil his breed of soldiers from any nonsensical love considerations. King received a satisfactory reply on this point, the King promised to see what could be done, and left Wilhelm in high spirits.

The next morning, while the gatekeeper was still snuggling in his bed, according to his custom, the King made his appearance at the gate, with his heaviest walking-stick in his hand, for he thought some gentle argument of that sort might be required. He found there a crowd waiting to enter the town, and inquired the reason. On hearing it, the King made such a hammering at the gate that it would have wakened the dead. But it was of no avail with old Gregory: so Frederick William had to lift up his leonine voice, which made the whole court and family tremble. Still Gregory, happily unconscious of his visitor, bided his time, thinking what a thrashing he would give the peasants when he let them in for making such a row. At length he threw back the gates.

"Good-morning, master gatekeeper!" the King said, as he walked in, and gave him a tremendous thrashing, while the delighted peasants ironically repeated the greeting. In vain did Gregory roar for mercy: the King did not leave off till he was tired. After a pause, during which he read the gatekeeper a moral lesson on the impropriety of keeping the people shivering in the cold, he began again, and went on till Marie fell on her knees and implored for mercy. At length the King said he would pardon him if he would give his daughter to sub-officer Dorn. Gregory offered some objections, but the sight of the uplifted stick removed them, and the King himself joined the hands of the young couple. Then he offered to make Wilhelm quartermaster, and give him a house, on condition that he delivered a young recruit in every year, and promised, when he wished to die, only to do so for his King and fatherland. On these considerations his majesty was graciously pleased to pardon Master Gregory, and from that time forth he was a model porter. Even if he felt inclined for another snooze, it only required the cry of "Good-morning, master gatekeeper!" to make him spring up at once.

☞ It is said the frosty Norwegians, on their first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire; and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustibles by the next harvest, to blow away the whole colony.

☞ In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom; but the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, to somebody.

☞ John Bunyan had a great dread of spiritual pride; and once, after he had preached a very fine sermon, and his friends crowded round to shake him by the hand, while they expressed the utmost admiration of his eloquence, he interrupted them, saying, "Ay, you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit!"—*Southey.*

☞ The poet Campbell would listen attentively to Count Santa Rosa's relation of the Machiavellisms of the European governments in their dealings with each other, and express astonishment at the meanness of the conduct of the rulers of states, and the shallowness of their diplomatic resources. "If business between man and man," said the poet, "were to be conducted like that between diplomatists, in what a state of scoundrelism would society exist!"—*Cyrus Redding's Recollections.*

☞ "Mr. Speaker," said a new Irish member, rising, "we cannot prize too highly the rights of freemen. They have been transmitted to us by our fathers as a rich legacy; and palsied be the hand of the man who would refuse to acknowledge or maintain them! Among those rights, Mr. Speaker, is the right of volition, or doing as we please. Every man, sir, should do as he pleases; and if he does not, he should be *compelled.*"

☞ A very strong-minded Scotch lady, and in Lord Cockburn's language, "indifferent about modes and habits," had been asking from a lady the character of a cook she was about to hire. The lady naturally entered a little upon her moral qualifications, and described her as a very decent woman; the reply to which was, "Oh, d—n her decency; can she make good collops?"—an answer which would somewhat surprise a lady of Moray Place now if engaged in a similar discussion of a servant's merits.—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

☞ Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you only flatter one, or two, you offend the rest.—*Virtue.*

☞ There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor of doing them to others.—*Sir W. Temple.*

☞ In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be godlike in this world; the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men.—*Carlyle.*

☞ The highest panegyric that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants.—*Dr. Johnson.*

☞ Of all actions of a man's life his marriage does *least* concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.—*Selden.*

GLOVES ABANDONED.—The ladies of Vienna, says the Court Journal, have just determined upon the abandonment of the use of gloves, which are no longer to be worn in private parties, and at the opera only on the first entrance into the box. The adoption of rings of real value, attached by a gold chain to the armlet, has given the idea of this change in fashion.

WHO LOST THEM?—Two human fingers were found on the sidewalk, at Sixth and Chestnut streets, in this city, on Saturday morning last, at an early hour. They were encased in the fingers of a silk glove. The owner is requested to come forward, prove his property, and take them away.

THE COTTON CROP.—AUGUSTA, Dec. 24.—The Constitutionalist of this evening sums up the total receipts of cotton at all the Southern ports, at 2,062,000 bales, and the increase over last year at 346,550 bales.

NEWS ITEMS.

A SALT LAKE INCIDENT.—The Valley Tan of Nov. 16, makes mention of the following occurrence, peculiar to that locality: "We saw, a week or two ago, walking down Main street, from the direction of the 'President's office,' a man accompanied by four ladies. An air of slight perturbation in the party, mingled with evident expressions of satisfaction and happiness, led us to inquire who they were. Some one present informed us that they were a party that had been up to President Young's office to be married, and that the four ladies had just been united in indissoluble bonds to the man accompanying them. That, we suppose, might be termed marriage in grass."

A SCHISM of students in the medical schools of this city, held a meeting last week, and resolved to transfer their studies to Richmond and other Southern cities. Certain difficulties with the police at Curtis's lecture upon slavery, are alleged as the principal cause of dissatisfaction. About 250 left in a body to the great regret of the Faculty, who generally sympathize with them in their political opinions. We see it stated that the medical students of this city number about fourteen hundred, about six hundred and fifty of whom come from south of Mason & Dixon's line. The Medical Schools of Richmond agreed to receive them without charge for the balance of the term.

The students were received with great applause in Richmond, addressed by Gov. Wise, banqueted, &c. The University of Pennsylvania publishes a card, saying that out of a medical class numbering considerably over five hundred, not more than eighteen of its members, so far as can be ascertained, have left the city.

JOHN BROWN'S Secretary of State, Realf, has been found at Austin, Texas, where he was studying for the Methodist ministry. In a conversation with the editor of an Austin paper, he admitted that he was the man, but that he had renounced abolition and abandoned Brown's schemes long before the invasion. The Austin Intelligencer says: "We will add that we yesterday suggested to the friends of Mr. R. the propriety of his placing himself at the disposition of the President of the United States. We are glad to say that he has done so, and has also offered to surrender himself to Gov. Wise, and has notified these authorities that he shall remain here until their wishes are known." The Senate's Committee have summoned him to Washington.

PROF. SEDGWICK, of London, has received a communication from Dr. Livingstone, dated "River Zambesi, East Africa, May 27." Dr. Livingstone reports the discovery of a real Highland Lake region, where the inhabitants cultivate cotton very extensively, while, he adds, "every one spins and weaves it."

FROM CALIFORNIA.—Judge Terry, indicted for killing Senator Broderick in a duel, was arraigned on the 28th, to plead before the Court of Quarter Sessions at San Francisco. His counsel moved to transfer the case to the Fourth District Court, also in session at San Francisco. The motion was denied, when the trial was postponed to the 20th inst., to give the defendant time to apply to the Supreme Court for a mandamus to compel the transfer.

THE Legislature of Virginia, by joint resolution, has accepted the flag presented to that Commonwealth by the citizens of Philadelphia, viewing it as an evidence of the devoted patriotism of its donors.

THE price of negroes seems to be still rising at the South. In Mobile, on the 5th of December, at an auction sale, the prices of ten negroes ranged from $1,400 to $1,825 apiece. The ages ranged from 18 to 33 years. Sales in other places range about the same rate.

THE Earl of Stamford and Warrington has contradicted the report that Lady Stamford had challenged some lady to ride across the country for £500, which first appeared in The Court Circular, and stated that the paragraph had given her ladyship and himself great annoyance.

AT a meeting of the Southern students in New York, only fourteen out of three hundred, resolved to leave their colleges.

THE last of the military were to leave Charlestown, Va., on Saturday last, and the restoration of the civil government would be a pleasant change to the citizens. President Buchanan has addressed a letter to Andrew Hunter, Esq., inquiring whether Stevens will be tried in the United States Court, or by the Virginia authorities. He was unable to give any definite answer on account of the refusal of Attorney General Harding to enter a *nolle prosequi.*

FOREIGN ITEMS.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.—The following is an extract from a St. Petersburgh letter received in London:

"A courier arrived to-day in forty-two days from the Amoor, with great news. The Emperor of China has given the Russians notice to quit, as he had never authorized the cession of territory, and had only just heard of the settlement. Meanwhile the Russian Embassy at Pekin is sealed up in its Palace."

The above statement had not in any way been confirmed when the Asia sailed.

The Directors of the Great Eastern steamer state that their liabilities, immediately due, will reach £45,000, against which they have only £1,100 in the hands of the bankers.

Letters from Madrid assert that the Spanish people, so far from showing enthusiasm for the war with Morocco, were exhibiting signs of discontent. Nothing of importance has been yet effected by the Spanish army.

Mr. Seward, while in Belgium, was presented to the King in company with the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and invited by the King to dine with them at his table—a compliment, it is said, never paid before to any American Senator.

SINGULAR DEATH.—The following singular accident is communicated to the Schenectady Star, by Mr. Elbert Slingerland. It occurred in Upper Genville, Schenectady county, New York, and was communicated to Mr. Slingerland by a personal friend, for whose veracity he vouches:

"A very strange death occurred night before last, just after dark, about half a mile from my house. A man about thirty-five years of age, in full health and strength, and a very stout man, too, left the Corners just at dark, on horseback. He had with him a little jug of whiskey, (two quarts,) and, as it would seem, tied the end of the halter into the handle of the jug, and then hung the jug over his neck, so that it must have swung before him. About an hour after he left, when it was quite dark, he was found by the side of the road dead.

"His horse, from appearances, had fallen, and in the fall the jug had made a noose around his neck and choked him to death. In the struggle the horse, too, had been so involved in the halter that it had fallen the second time, and so wound the halter around its own neck that it was upon its back and nearly dead, or would have been had relief not come as it did. The horse and man were bound together like Mazeppa, of Byronic fame. It is said that the man was not a drinking man; that is, in the general acceptation of the term. He was a man of family, leaving a wife and five small children. He was a farmer, and worked upon shares the farm of Mr. Paulding. It is not even conjectured that the whiskey had anything to do with the death, except as it was in the jug. The jug, man, and horse were all bound together by the one halter. There had been, from the appearance, a terrific struggle, and some three rods of the road were trampled upon and made bloody, before death gained his victim."

☞ Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart.—*Dickens.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

PROPOSED NEW PARTY.—Fifty gentlemen, including the American members of Congress, met in Washington on the 19th, for the purpose of interchanging opinions—Senator Crittenden in the chair. A committee of seven were appointed to confer with the Whig and American Central Committee as to the probability of organizing a party on the platform of the Union, the Constitution, and the execution of the laws. Several old-fashioned Whig speeches were made. At another meeting it was determined to call a National "Union Convention," for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States.

MAYOR HENRY'S LETTER.—Mayor Henry of this city, in answer to a letter from Messrs. J. R. Ingersoll and six others, justifies his course in relation to recent abolition meetings in this city. He says, in his reply, that as Mayor he has sworn to uphold and enforce the laws of the State, and that those laws, which he quotes, secure to *every citizen* perfect freedom of speech on all subjects, citizens being responsible to the law, but not to mob-law, for any abuse of that freedom. He says:—

"The jealous care with which Pennsylvania thus has guaranteed the freedom of speech would be but a pitiful mockery of her citizens if the exercise of that right is to depend upon the caprice of the magistrate, or the mood of popular sentiment. Whenever such liberty is prostituted to treason or sedition, its abuse may be avenged by the hand of justice, but is not to be remedied by the lawless acts of a mob, nor averted by the sibilations that saved the Capitoline mount."

As to his personal sentiments, the Mayor says he does not sympathize with those who "assemble in their weakness to execrate patriots and to deify felons, and who earnestly covet that social martyrdom which might beget a sympathy for them that their unholy teachings can never obtain." And concludes his letter as follows:—

"But if condign reprobation be cast upon *those* who, in the sincerity of error, would disquiet the community, what should be meted out to *those* who would foment such disquiet, and, loud in venal and dissembled lamentations over their insincere forebodings of evil, would thus seek their personal or party ends?

"Philadelphia always has been, and I fear not to assert, always will be, loyal in sentiment and deed, to the constitutional rights of every portion of the confederacy; and in no community throughout the length and breadth of this land is there a more universal, ardent, and pure devotion to our Union, whatever diversity of opinion there may be as to the best policy for securing the true interest and perpetuity of that Union.

"With sentiments of great respect, &c.,
"ALEXANDER HENRY."

To Messrs. J. R. Ingersoll, E. K. Price, L. Hazlehurst, H. C. Carey, M. McMichael, J. B. Myers, and P. McCall.

FREE NEGRO BILL IN MISSISSIPPI.—A bill for excluding free negroes from the State of Mississippi passed the House on the 7th by a vote of 75 to 5. It provides that they shall leave the State on or before the 1st of July, 1860; or if they prefer to remain, that they shall be sold into slavery, with a right of choice of masters, at a price assessed by three disinterested slaveholders, the proceeds to go into the treasury of the county in which the provisions of the bill may require to be executed.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The Republican National Committee recently met in New York, and decided that the Republican National Convention shall be held at Chicago on June 13th, 1860. The call invites the co-operation of the Peoples and Opposition parties in Penna. and New Jersey, and other opponents of the Administration.

KENTUCKY.—Mr. Grover, on the 13th, introduced into the Legislature of Kentucky a resolution instructing Representatives and Senators from the State, in Congress, to urge upon the treaty-making power of the government the necessity of inserting in the treaty of 1842 a provision making the rendition of fugitives from labor equally binding upon Great Britain with that of those from justice. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

NEBRASKA.—A bill has been introduced into the Territorial Legislature providing for the abolition of slavery, which has passed to a third reading in the House, and been referred to a select committee. There are a few slaves held in the Territory.

PENNSYLVANIA AND VIRGINIA.—The following was Gov. Packer's letter to Gov. Wise:

PENNSYLVANIA EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 1, 1859.

Your letter of the 25th, having been missent to Harrisburg, Va., was not received until this morning. Of all the desperadoes to whom you refer, not a man, so far as I can learn, was a citizen of Pennsylvania; nor was their rendezvous, which you say was "unobstructed by guard or otherwise," in *this State*, but in *Maryland* or *Virginia*. In relation to *them*, Pennsylvania has done her duty. Virginia has no right to anticipate that she will not do so in the future. The information you have received in regard to a conspiracy to rescue John Brown, will, undoubtedly, be found in the sequel utterly and entirely without foundation, so far as Pennsylvania is concerned. Nor will we permit any portion of our territory, along our borders or elsewhere, to be made a depot, a rendezvous, or a refuge for "lawless desperadoes" from other States, who may seek to make war upon our Southern neighbors. When that contingency shall happen, the constitutional and confederate duty of Pennsylvania shall be performed, and, under all circumstances, she will take care to see that her honor is fully vindicated. WM. F. PACKER.

To his Excellency the Governor of Virginia, Richmond, Va.

MINNESOTA.—Morton S. Wilkinson (Repub.) has been chosen U. S. Senator in place of Gen. Shields, (Dem.) whose term expired on the 4th of March, 1859.

CONGRESS.—The eighteenth ballot was as follows:—

Whole number of votes,	223
Necessary to a choice,	112
Mr. Sherman, (Repub.)	95
Mr. Millson, (Dem.)	70
Mr. Gilmer, (South Amer.)	35
Mr. Davis (Indiana)	4
Mr. Adrian,	2
Scattering,	6

Mr. Gilmer's (South Amer.) thirty-six votes were composed of his own political party, and of Messrs. Campbell, Covode, Hale, Haskin, Junkin, McKnight, Millward, Morris (Pa.), Nixon, Pennington, Schwartz, Scranton and Stratton—members of the People's Party of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and Anti-Lecompton Democrats, who returned to the support of Mr. Sherman on the following vote:

NINETEENTH BALLOT.

Whole number of votes,	223
Necessary to a choice,	113
Mr. Sherman,	108
Mr. Millson,	69
Mr. Gilmer,	21
Scattering,	24

On Saturday, the 21st ballot was taken with the following result:

Sherman,	100
Bocock,	20
Gilmer,	17
Houston,	17
Maclay,	8
Davis,	11
Scattering, (among 19 candidates,)	52
Total,	206
Necessary to a choice,	104

No person having received the number of votes requisite to a choice, the House, without transacting any other business, adjourned until Monday.

A CRICKET-MATCH IN CANTON.

Preceded by Whang, whose long, black tail and dark dress gave him the appearance of a huge tadpole, we set out one evening after sunset to visit one of the most fashionable of the thousand-and-one gaming-houses with which Canton is infested. After about fifteen minutes' smart walking, we arrived at a low, narrow door, in a dark, narrow street, into which we stooped and squeezed ourselves, and, keeping close to our conductor's "tail," entered a small room, lit by three lanterns as large as regimental double-drums, and of the same shape, and seven or eight oblate spheroids, which were dangled about the hands of the gamesters' attendants, and by some of the sporting-gentlemen themselves, so anxious were they about the game. "*Tsang tow ke!*" cried our conductor, which, being interpreted, means, "Clear the way!" But we checked his rudeness, and declared we only came as visitors, and did not intend to bet.

In the centre of the room was a round table, ornamented at the edges with a richly carved ivory rim; in the centre of this table was a large porcelain bowl, of a delicate white color, veined and clouded with very pale tints of purple; round this bowl were assembled some fifteen or twenty Chinese gentlemen, evidently in a state of intense expectation and impatience. At opposite sides of the bowl stood two Chinese attendants, who acted as *backers* of the respective combatants, each being armed with a straw. The play was now ordered to begin.

Two other attendants immediately made their way through the crowd, each with a little carved ivory case having a gold top of open work like an aromatic scent-box. Out of the cases were produced two large crickets. These fighting insects are regularly trained for the contest by a variety of curious processes. They are of a dusky color, with strong legs and thighs, thick bodies, and broad, bull-heads, and have mouths that bite like the front claw of a little crab. The combatants were placed at the same time on the inside surface of the bowl, and, sliding down quickly, came against each other, head foremost, with a dry, crisp, cracking sound. But they immediately drew back, and began to manœuvre in the air with their front legs. At sight of this, great applause was elicited from the company.

The gamesters, however, soon became too impatient to bear with this display of "science," and the backers were ordered to make them "go to work." These gentry, accordingly, advanced their straws, and stirred, and turned, and poked the crickets, till the poor creatures became so exasperated at what they evidently thought to be the strong provocation given by each other, that they reared themselves on their hind legs, and danced, and bit, and wrestled with their front legs, and pulled, and scratched, and tore, and rolled over and over, and jumped up and down, and slid about, and bled and foamed at the mouth, until pieces of skin and joints of legs were strewn quivering over the bottom of the bowl.

The Chinese gentlemen were all excited to the highest degree; they also capered, and slid, and jumped up and down, and pulled and scratched, and squeaked and screamed, and frothed at the mouth, while their eyes were all like glittering beads. They betted for *fly-cakes*—cakes in which small black flies are baked by way of currants; but the thing hazarded is only nominal, gambling for money being contrary to the law. These nice cakes, however, are privately understood to represent money.

I confess I was at last so absurd as to become excited myself as the fight went on, and made several bets of ten cakes, with the understanding that my cakes meant dollars. My friend, Captain Bowling, in order to prevent me being "done," hedged all my bets. I felt certain as to which of the crickets would win, for one of them had by this time no atom of wing left, and scarcely half a leg to stand upon, while the other had one ragged wing quite entire at the shoulder, and three good stumps of thighs.

My bets had by this time amounted to one hundred dollars, Captain Bowling having carefully "hedged" to the same amount with different sporting-men in the room. No sooner, however, had I made my bet of the last ten cakes, than the cricket which was reduced to a mere trunk, and which, of course, I had betted against, bit the head of his adversary completely off! There lay the vanquished cricket, and there lay its head, with the mouth opening and shutting. I have not the slightest idea how it was done. It all seemed fair enough, and, I may add, with shame in my participation in it, barbarous enough—as bad as our cock-fighting. But *how* did it happen that my cricket lost? Surely some blackleg longtail must have done the deed with an invisible pair of nippers.

Howbeit, I paid the hundred dollars. Captain Bowling then went laughing round the room to collect his bets, which would have got the money back again; when suddenly a servant rushed in, as pale as ashes, and cried out that three mandarins and a troop of soldiers were about to surround the house. Down came the large lanterns from the ceiling—out went those in the hand—smash went the porcelain basin—and amid the scrambling rush of the crowd, and the crashing sound of china under foot, I was pushed about in the dark, first one way, then another, till eventually I fought my way out into the street by some other door than the one by which I had entered, and fell over the prostrate body of Captain Bowling, who was lying with his head in a broken lantern, but not hurt, with the exception of a few pretty severe bruises.

ROMANTIC.—The Skaneateles Democrat gives the first chapter in "A Story of Real Life," by saying that Miss Harriet E. Smith, daughter of Horace Smith, of Spafford, Onondago County, will start soon for Washington Territory, away in the North-West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, to marry a man she has never seen—Mr. David Spalding, Jr., son of David Spalding, of Spafford. The friends of the parties are intimate, and a correspondence between them has existed for two years, and has resulted in a marriage contract—and the young gentleman being engaged in a profitable business, which he cannot conveniently leave, has remitted funds to the lady, with a request for her to join him there.

☞ Those who are ever ready to give the lie, are generally not too brave to take what they are not too civil to give.

A CURE FOR LUMBAGO.—The following amusing though somewhat painful incident actually occurred at a farmhouse not a great many miles from the village of Copetown. All are subject to the ills of the flesh, and a worthy and highly respected man was very severely afflicted with that painful complaint, lumbago; so much so, indeed, that he could not stand erect, and could walk with great difficulty. As is common in such cases, it was thought desirable to rub the afflicted part with some spirituous compound: and that the application might be the more effectual, the good man was turned with his back to the fire, while the good wife gave sweet relief, now applying the spirituous oil, now warming her palm over the cheery blaze, and again chafing the afflicted part. While thus engaged, it unfortunately happened that, without the good dame observing it, the spirit upon her hand took fire, and with a magnetic pass she at once set the old gentleman's back in a flame. The effects produced were akin to the miraculous. He bounded up with a new-born energy; he yelled and rushed round the house, uttering a string of expletives totally unworthy of a deacon. Fortunately, the fuel that supplied the fire was soon exhausted. Tired and sore, he was put to bed, and, we are happy to add, cured of his lumbago, and has never had it since.

ARGUMENT AGAINST FEMALE LEGISLATION.—At Honstadt, where I dined the day following, raw smoked salmon was brought to me, and I very deferentially suggested to the hostess that I should prefer it fried a little. She would listen to nothing of the kind, and told me many times over that it was *roka*, (smoked) that she liked it *roka* without frying, and her husband liked it the same; and she intimated that, if I did not like what she and her husband and other people did, I must be a disreputable character. This sort of despotism is common to women of all nations, and its universal system is my main argument against strong minded women who advocate a female House of Commons. The persecutions I have had to endure because I usually drink cold water at breakfast are too incredible to narrate. I have heard a lady, otherwise gentle and kind hearted, assert to my face that a man who does not love tea and coffee, and drink it like other people, is an undomestic monster, deserving the dreadful doom of perpetual bachelorhood. If we had female legislators, summary laws would be enacted for the punishment of all such offences, and bachelors above thirty-five would perish at the stake.—*Through Norway with a Knapsack.*

SHIRTS GROW READY MADE.—"If God so clothed the lilies of the valley, shall He not also clothe you," etc. We have often heard of bread-trees, button-trees, etc., but it was left for Humboldt to find the trees on which shirts grow ready made. He says:

"We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida, shirt-trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment, which resemble sacks of very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of Marima in the rainy season. They have the form of the ponchas and ruanos of cotton, which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary cause of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries did not fail to say, in showing the shirts, 'In the forests of the Oronoko, garments are found ready made on the trees.'"

THE RULING PASSION.—A person having occasion to visit an old couple at Durham, of extremely penurious habits, found them holding counsel together upon a matter which apparently weighed heavily upon the minds of both, and thinking it was respecting the probable dissolution of the wife, who was lying dangerously ill, proceeded to offer them all the consolation in his power, but was cut short by being informed that that was not exactly the subject they were discussing, but one which afflicted them still more deeply—the cost of her funeral; and, to his astonishment, they continued their ghastly calculations until every item in the catalogue, from coffin to nightcap, had been gone through, with much grumbling at the rapacity of "the undertakers," when a bright thought suddenly struck her husband, and he exclaimed,

"Well, Janet, lass, ye may not die after all, ye ken."

"Deed, and I hope not, Robert," replied his helpmate, in a low, feeble voice, "for I am quite sure that we canna afford it."

A SANDGLASS USED IN CHURCH.—A sandglass for marking the time having been seen in the Established Church of a parish near Perth, a gentleman residing near Dundee sent to the clergyman requesting particulars about it, and received in reply the following account of its purpose and uses: "Our sandglass is a relic of antiquity. There used to be one in every church in the olden time. Their use was to regulate the length of the long-winded orations with which the ministers of those days were wont to favor their hearers. Watches were not so common then as now; and, as the sermons were not written, the preachers, when once set a-going, did not know when to stop, without some seasonable monition. With a view to this, a sandglass was erected on a stand in front of the precentor's desk, so as to be seen both by minister and people. When the sand ran out, the precentor, whose duty it was to attend to it, held it up in front of the minister, to let him know how the time was passing."

☞ A worthy keelman, formerly residing at Paradise, near Scotswood, was once under examination at the assizes, when he was asked if he knew a Mr. Nayler? "Noa," he replied, "but aw kend his faithur." "When was that?" "Before the flood." "Now my man," inquired Briefless (who knew nothing of the flood of 1771, and thought to be down upon the witness), "where did you live then?" "In Paradise, tibby sure!" A roar of laughter completed the amazement and discomfiture of poor Briefless.—*Scotch Paper.*

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

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A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING ALSO AS A PREMIUM TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER!

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

We also Club with those well-known Monthly Magazines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. Read the following and take your choice of

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One Copy of THE POST,	$2.00 a year
One Copy of THE POST and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	3.00 "
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3.00 "
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3.50 "

CLUBS.

2	COPIES of THE POST,	$3.00 a year.
6	" (and one of the Engravings to getter up of Club)	5.00 "
9	" (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	10.00 "
13	" (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	15.00 "
20	" (and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	20.00 "
30	" (and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	30.00 "

A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS. It is a Gem!

P. S.—The Postage will be pre-paid on all the Engravings.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 132 *South Third St., Philada.*

☞ *Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis when requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

COURT DRESSES IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of The London Literary Gazette says that with regard to ladies' dresses there is a system established in the Imperial Court at Compiegne that seems something positively wicked. Four toilettes a day are about the general requirement, though there are days when only three are necessary; the invitations are for eight days, and no lady is expected ever to be seen wearing the same gown. Count this up and you will find an average of thirty or thirty-two toilettes to be carried down to the Court. Suppose a female *invitee* not to be alone, but to have a daughter (or two daughters) with her—you come at once to ninety or ninety-six dresses! Now, the average of these gowns will be 250 francs (£10), because, while the finer ones cost 300, 400, or 500 francs each, there may be some which cost only 120 or 150 francs; but put them all at 250 francs, you reach, for each person, the figure of £300 or £350; and if two persons, £600 or £640; if three, £900 or £960.

THE large increase in the number of deaths from small-pox has originated a serious question:—Is that deadly malady regaining some portion of its former destructiveness? The Medical Society of Geneva offers a prize of 500 francs each to the authors of the best two essays on that question, discussing the disease in its various forms, and the question of whether revaccination is completely and definitively a preservative from small-pox.

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1860.

MONTHS	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1st Month	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
FEBRUARY,				1	2	3	4
2d Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29			
MARCH,					1	2	3
3d Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
APRIL,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
4th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
MAY,			1	2	3	4	5
5th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
JUNE,						1	2
6th Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
JULY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
7th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
AUGUST,				1	2	3	4
8th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
SEPTEMBER,							1
9th Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
OCTOBER,		1	2	3	4	5	6
10th Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
NOVEMBER,					1	2	3
11th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
DECEMBER,	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
12th Month.	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					

DEATH OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.—By the last steamer we are informed of the death of this distinguished writer. He died in Edinburgh, on the 8th of December, in the 74th year of his age. He was the son of a Manchester merchant, and received at Eton and Oxford the finished education so visible in all his writings. Every one knows the awful agonies he inflicted on himself by opium-eating, and the almost unequalled eloquence which the world owes to those agonies.

He had been, for some time, residing in Edinburgh, supervising the publication of his works, which were being issued in fourteen volumes, by the Messrs. Hogg, after the American edition of Messrs. Ticknor & Reids, in twenty volumes, and of which the fourteenth and last volume was nearly complete. Two of his daughters were with him at his death, which resulted after some weeks of serious illness. He retained all his wonderful acumen of mind to the last, as also that fascinating power of conversation in which few men have ever equalled him. It would almost seem as if opium was the conversational muse; for Coleridge, also a victim to the same drug, was one of the most eloquent of talkers. It is by surprising that De Quincey, with a frame greatly impaired even in boyhood by this pernicious indulgence, should have lived to be advanced an age, and been enabled to perfect so many works of rare wealth and language, and an almost crystalline clearness of thought.

☞ The Hindoos say of bad government that it is like a man attempting to walk on his head and think with his feet.

LADIES' FURS FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

Will be found good and cheap at OAKFORD'S.

FINE SABLE SETS—Cape Muff and Cuffs, are sold cheaper than ever, at OAKFORD'S.

FINE MINK SETS are being sold 30 per cent. cheaper than they have ever been sold before, at OAKFORD'S.

FINE DARK and Rich Siberian Squirrel Sets, for Ladies', Misses, and Children, at very low prices, at OAKFORD'S.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FUR for Ladies wear, will be found, at OAKFORD'S.

LADIES—Do you know the reason why we sell so cheap? It is because we bought a large Stock, expecting to be in our new stores by the 1st of last November; they will not be finished before the 1st of February, so we are determined to close out our Furs regardless of cost.

We advise all our readers to buy their FURS of

CHARLES OAKFORD & SON,
Importers and Furriers,
624 Chestnut Street, below Seventh.
dec31-2t

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.	RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1918			Pennsylvania RR		
" " '62	109	—	1st mort bonds	100	102½
" " '67	113	—	2d "	85½	87
" " '68	109	—	stock	55½	56
" 6 pr ct coupon '74s	102½	—	Camd & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1894	—	95
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98½	101	stock	123	125
" " new	101½	102	Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	80	—
" 5 "	94	—	" '74	—	90
Pitts 6 pr ct,	70	—	" '95	71	71½
" " coupon	—	55	stock	20½	20¾
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	75	Lehigh Valley R R stock 6 pr ct	38	39
" County	—	—	Penn. RR stock	38	38
R R issue	44	50	for account, '60	83½	—
Penna 6 pr ct	102	—	Ches Val R R, '73	38½	—
" 5 "	93½	94	Penn. R R	95	94
Penn 6 "	94½	97	Williams & Elmira		
" 5 " coupon	90	92	1st mort	53	54
Kentucky 6 pr ct	92	—	2nd "	13½	14
Missouri "	83½	—	stock	1	1½
Ohio " 1860	103½	—	Catawissa	1	1½
Virginia "	97½	—	Beaver Meadow stock	62	62½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—	preferred 10 pr ct	54	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	94½	97	North Penn'a R R stock	81	84
N Y City, 5's	114	116	6 pr ct loan	62	62½
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.			Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	—	43
North America	157	157½	6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Philadelphia	154	158	Mineball R R	—	59
Far & Mec	—	55½	Har & Lan R R stock	—	55½
Commercial	43½	48	bonds '88	90	—
N Liberty	98	99½	L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	16
Mechanics	25½	28	Long Island R R stock	11	11½
Southwark	40½	43	bonds	82	85
P Township	34½	35	Erie R R stock	—	—
Kensington	64	65	Hudson River R R	—	—
Girard	45	45½	N Y Central	108	—
Western	63	64	Michigan Central	47½	48½
Man & Mec	26	27	Illinois "	57½	—
Commerce	—	90	Michigan Southern	17½	—
Tradesman's	82½	—	CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
City	41	—	Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	67	67½
Consolidation	—	94	imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
Commonwealth	—	94½	stock	6	8
Corn Exchange	29½	—	preferred	15½	16
Germantown	—	32	Lehigh Nav stock	—	43
Pittsburg, Pitt'g	58	—	mort 6 pr ct scrip	80	—
Exchange "	58	—		25½	26
Kentucky, Ky	120	—	Morris Consol'd	—	45½
Northern "	125	—	preferred	103½	103½
Louisville "	115	118	Ches & Del	43	—
Farmers "	114	125	bonds	77½	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	102½	105	Union	1	—
Planters "	110	112	bonds	—	20
S O Gas Light	102	—	Sus & R R Bank	2	3
Gas & R R Bank, Delaware	7	7½	Wilmington & Susq R R	7	8
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—	Wilmington & Reading R R	2	3
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½	Wilmington & Western R R	1	2
New Creek	—	1	Wilmington & Baltimore R R	1	2
New Greenada	—	1	Delaware Mutual Safety Ins Co	1	2
N America Ins Co	14½	—	Delaware Ins Co	1	2
N Liberties Gas	31	—	Farmers' Bank of Del	1	2
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	88	90	Wilmington Gas Co	1	2

DEATH OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.—By the last steamer we are informed of the death of this distinguished writer. He died in Edinburgh, on the 8th of December, in the 74th year of his age. He was the son of a Manchester merchant, and received at Eton and Oxford the finished education so visible in all his writings. Every one knows the awful agonies he inflicted on himself by opium-eating, and the almost unequalled eloquence which the world owes to those agonies.

He had been, for some time, residing in Edinburgh, supervising the publication of his works, which were being issued in fourteen volumes, by the Messrs. Hogg, after the American edition of Messrs. Ticknor & Reids, in twenty volumes, and of which the fourteenth and last volume was nearly complete. Two of his daughters were with him at his death, which resulted after some weeks of serious illness. He retained all his wonderful acumen of mind to the last, as also that fascinating power of conversation in which few men have ever equalled him. It would almost seem as if opium was the conversational muse; for Coleridge, also a victim to the same drug, was one of the most eloquent of talkers. It is by surprising that De Quincey, with a frame greatly impaired even in boyhood by this pernicious indulgence, should have lived to be advanced an age, and been enabled to perfect so many works of rare wealth and language, and an almost crystalline clearness of thought.

☞ The Hindoos say of bad government that it is like a man attempting to walk on his head and think with his feet.

LADIES' FURS FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

Will be found good and cheap at OAKFORD'S.

FINE SABLE SETS—Cape Muff and Cuffs, are sold cheaper than ever, at OAKFORD'S.

FINE MINK SETS are being sold 30 per cent. cheaper than they have ever been sold before, at OAKFORD'S.

FINE DARK and Rich Siberian Squirrel Sets, for Ladies', Misses, and Children, at very low prices, at OAKFORD'S.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FUR for Ladies wear, will be found, at OAKFORD'S.

LADIES—Do you know the reason why we sell so cheap? It is because we bought a large Stock, expecting to be in our new stores by the 1st of last November; they will not be finished before the 1st of February, so we are determined to close out our Furs regardless of cost.

We advise all our readers to buy their FURS of

CHARLES OAKFORD & SON,
Importers and Furriers,
624 Chestnut Street, below Seventh.
dec31-2t

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.	RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1918			Pennsylvania RR		
" " '62	109	—	1st mort bonds	100	102½
" " '67	113	—	2d "	85½	87
" " '68	109	—	stock	55½	56
" 6 pr ct coupon '74s	102½	—	Camd & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1894	—	95
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98½	101	stock	123	125
" " new	101½	102	Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	80	—
" 5 "	94	—	" '74	—	90
Pitts 6 pr ct,	70	—	" '95	71	71½
" " coupon	—	55	stock	20½	20¾
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	75	Lehigh Valley R R stock 6 pr ct	38	39
" County	—	—	Penn. RR stock	38	38
R R issue	44	50	for account, '60	83½	—
Penna 6 pr ct	102	—	Ches Val R R, '73	38½	—
" 5 "	93½	94	Penn. R R	95	94
Penn 6 "	94½	97	Williams & Elmira		
" 5 " coupon	90	92	1st mort	53	54
Kentucky 6 pr ct	92	—	2nd "	13½	14
Missouri "	83½	—	stock	1	1½
Ohio " 1880	103½	—	Catawissa	1	1½
Virginia "	97½	—	Beaver Meadow stock	62	62½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—	preferred 10 pr ct	54	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	94½	97	North Penn'a R R stock	81	84
N Y City, 5's	114	116	6 pr ct loan	62	62½
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.			Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	—	43
North America	157	157½	6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Philadelphia	154	158	Mineball R R	—	59
Far & Mec	—	55½	Har & Lan R R stock	—	55½
Commercial	43½	48	bonds '88	90	—
N Liberty	98	99½	L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	16
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Louisville "	115	118	Ches & Del	43	—
Farmers "	114	125	bonds	77½	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	102½	105	Union	1	—
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N America Ins Co	14½	—	Delaware Ins Co	1	2
N Liberties Gas	31	—	Farmers' Bank of Del	1	2
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	88	90	Wilmington Gas Co	1	2

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2400 head. In consequence of the abundant supply, prices declined fully a half cent from the figures obtained the week previous. The best quality sold for 9½c; ordinary 8 to 9c, and inferior at 6 to 7c. Sheep—The arrivals during the week were large, amounting to 8000 head, which caused a decline of fully half a cent upon the prices obtained last week. The sales ranged from 4 to 4½c, gross, equal to 8@8½c, dressed.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 4228 head were at market, and sold at $6½ to 7¼ ₱ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

☞ No dust affects the eyes like gold dust, and no glasses like brandy glasses.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market is without any material change to note this week; there is some little inquiry for Flour, mostly speculative, but at a price below the views of holders, who are rather firmer in their demands, and some 6000 bbls have been disposed of at $5,37½@5,50 for superfine, the latter for good straight brands; $5,75 for extra, and $6,25@6,50 for family Flour, including 1500 bbls extra and extra family, on terms kept private; 200 half bbls superfine also private, and 400 bbls Lancaster on do at 5,31½ ₱ bbl; at the close $5,37½ was generally refused for straight superfine, which is getting scarce at that figure. The trade has been buying to a fair extent at the above rates for superfine and extra, and $6,75@7 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is quiet, and selling in a small way at $4,31 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is in moderate demand, an about 250 bbls Penna sold at $3,75; 1000 bbls Pandywine also sold at a price kept private.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices, under a moderate demand for millers, are well sustained, with sales of about 12,000 bu to note, at 130@135c for common and choice red, and 140@150c for white, the latter for Western. The bulk of the sales were of the former description, at 132@133c for prime lots, in store and afloat. Rye comes in slowly, and further small sales of Pennsylvania are reported at 93c. Corn has been in active request at a further advance, and some 40,000 bus new yellow have been taken at 76@77c for damp and 78@83c for dry lots, as to condition, in the cars and afloat, the market closing dull and rather lower, at 80@81c. Some small lots of white also sold at 73@76c, and old yellow at 95@92c. Oats are in moderate demand and rather lower, with sales of 15,000 bus at 43@43½c for Delaware, and 44@45c for Pennsylvania. Of Barley further sales have been made at 85 for New York State and 89c for Canada.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally continues pretty much at a stand still, and prices rather favor the buyers, who are not disposed to operate; the receipts and stocks, however, are light. Mess Pork selling in a small way at $16,75, and city Mess Beef at $13@15 ₱ bbl. Bacon is selling as wanted at 11½@12½c for Hams; 8@8½c for Shoulders, and 9½@10½c for Sides—the latter to go South. Green Meats are steady, with small sales of Hams in pickle at 10½@10½c, and Shoulders in salt at 7½c, cash and short time. Lard continues firm at 11@11½c for barrels and tierces, and 12c for prime in kegs. Roll Butter is more active, and selling at 15@18c, as in quality; packed is moving off slowly at 10@12c. Cheese is unchanged, and worth 10½@11c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 20@21c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been rather more active this week, but prices have ruled irregular and in favor of the buyers, who take hold in a small way only to supply their immediate wants, and about 1000 bales have been disposed of at from 10 to 12½c for uplands and gulfs, cash and time, mostly of the former description, including middling fair quality at 11½@11½c ₱ lb cash.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron offering or selling, and about 80 hhds sold, in lots, at $27 for 1st No 1, including No 2 at $24, and some coarse No 1 at the same rate. Tanners' Bark is unchanged and quiet.

BEESWAX continues in demand, and about 2500 lbs sold, mostly at 34c ₱ lb.

COAL—The season for shipment is about over, and there is very little going East on account of the scarcity of vessels. Prices, however, are unchanged. Schuylkill White Ash, Lump, ₱ ton, $3,35; Prepared do, $3,35; Red Ash do, $3,50; Lehigh, Lump, $3,50@3,60; Prepared do, $3,50@3,60; by retail, do, $4,25@4,50; Sch. Prepared, do, $4@4,25.

COFFEE—The market is firm and the stock on sale light, but buyers and sellers are apart in their views, and only 800 bags Rio have been disposed of in small lots at from 11½ to 12½c, on time.

COPPER—The market is dull, and a small business in both sheathing and yellow metal, at quotations.

FEATHERS—There are but few arriving or selling, and the market is dull at 48c for good Western.

FRUITS—There is a good jobbing demand for Raisins, without change in quotations. Domestic Fruit is rather quiet, green Apples selling at $2,50@4, and Cranberries at $10@15 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Dried Fruit is dull at 6@7c for Apples, and 7@15c ₱ lb for Peaches, as in quality.

HEMP—The stock of all kinds is light, and the market about the same, with a limited business doing.

HIDES continue dull and drooping, and no sales of any moment have come under our notice. Buenos Ayres and Rio Grande 27@28c; Brazil ₱ lb 17@19c; Laguayra and Caraccas 20@22c; City Slaughter, salted, 9@9½c; Association do 9@10c; dead green Calcutta kips $1,50@1,60; Slaughter, Patna $2@2,05.

HOPS move off slowly at 13@17c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western, as in quality.

IRON—The market is steady and firm, but we have only a small business to note at $23@28½ for Anthracite No 1, $22@22½ for No 2, and $21 for No 3, on time; 100 tons of a good make sold at the highest figures 6 mos. Scotch Pig is firmer, the advices from abroad being more favorable, and an import of 120 tons was sold ex-ship, on terms kept private. In manufactured Iron there is nothing new, and a small business doing at about previous rates.

LEAD—The market is firm, and rather more active; sales, including about 2200 pigs Galena, part private and part at $5,85, and 25 tons Spanish at $5,75 the 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER—The market for Slaughter has been more active. Finished Skirting ₱ lb 28@30c; Spanish Sole Oak, 28@30c; Slaughter do 24@28c; Upper, rough, hide $1,90@2; Calf Skins, dozen 18@20.

LUMBER is dull, the business season being about over, and the only sale we hear of 40,000 feet Yellow Sap Boards, at $14 ₱ M. Laths are selling in lots at $2 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firm, and the stocks light, with further sales of about 700 bbls prime new crop New Orleans, part at 50c, and part on terms kept private, to arrive; old Cuba is quoted at 24@30c; with small sales at the latter rate for Muscovado—usual terms.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed, and most of the lots offered, some 2500 bus, sold at $5@5,37½—the latter for very choice lots; the bulk of the sales were at $5,25 ₱ bus for prime; about 700 bags also sold, from second hand, at a price kept private. Domestic Flaxseed is wanted at $1,56 ₱ bus, and very little arriving. Timothy remains inactive, and we quote it nominally at $2,50 ₱ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is not much doing in Brandy or Gin, but the market for the former continues firm, and on the advance. N E Rum is steady at 36@37c, as to lots. Whiskey is unchanged, Drudge selling at 24½c; hhds 25½c; Penna bbls 26½c; Prison do 27@27½c, and Ohio at the latter rate.

SUGAR—The market is firm but very quiet, owing to the reduced state of the stocks, and only some 200 hhds have been disposed of, in small lots, at 7½@7¾c for Cuba, and 8@8¼c for New Orleans. Some small sales of box Sugars are also reported at 7½@7¾c for Browns and 9@9¼c for Whites, all on time; and 1000 bbls refined, to go out of the market, on private terms.

TALLOW remains unchanged, with a moderate business to note in city at 10½c, and good country at 10c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market for both leaf and manufactured is without alteration, and a limited business to note.

WOOL—The stock is very light for the season, and holders are firm in their views, but buyers come forward slowly, and the sales have been mostly in a small way at fully previous rates, among which we notice some Merino at 30c, and fleece at from 50c up to 55c, the latter for prime, which is most inquired for.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LONG, Nos. 21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.
H. DEXTER & CO., Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
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S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SENON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
E. P. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Near Wetang, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1859, by the Rev. Daniel Jinkens, Mr. HENRY C. LENTZ, to Miss SARAH PEELER.

In Jonesboro, Illinois, Dec. 11th, 1859, by the Rev. P. H. Kroh, Mr. JESSE E. LENTZ, to Miss SARAH BRASHNELL, all of Jonesboro, Ills.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOHN R. TAYLOR, to Miss CATHARINE B. PIDGEON.

On Thursday evening, the 15th instant, by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, Mr. ALEXANDER ERVIN, Jr. to Miss LIZZIE McBRIDE, both of this city.

On Tuesday, Dec. 20, by the Rev. J. F. Garrison, D. W. C. GASKILL, of Forbestown, California, to ANNE EVERETT, daughter of Ambrose Cowperthwaite, Esq. of Camden, N. J.

On the 18th of Dec. 1859, by the Rev. S. Morias, Mr. EMMANUEL BRUNSWICK, of Chicago, Ills. to Miss LOUISA LIPMAN, daughter of Mrs. Martha Jackson, of this city. Chicago, New Orleans and St. Louis papers please copy.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 18th, 1859, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, D. D., Mr. JAMES A. KIRBY, of Washington, D. C. to Miss ELIZABETH T. RANDALL, of this city.

On Monday, Dec. 12th, by the Rev. Dr. Lewis, Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, GEORGE W. BRAINERD, Esq. of New York, to MARTHA N. CLARKE, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. ELIZA JANE McCOOL, wife of John McCool, and daughter of Mrs. Jane McKeown.

On the 17th instant, at the residence of her son-in-law, in Astoria, New York, MARGERY, relict of the late Jas. Willits, of Tuckerton, New Jersey, in her 84th year.

On Monday, the 19th instant, Mrs. CHARLOTTE RISLEY, relict of the late Ezra B. Risley, aged 58.

On Monday, the 19th instant, MARY T. W. wife of Laurence Lewis, Jr.

Suddenly, on the 17th instant, of congestion of the brain, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. William Adamson, in her 37th year.

At Wilmington, Del. on first-day morning, the 18th instant, EDWARD YARNALL, of this city, in his 61st year.

On the morning of the 19th instant, NATHAN F. COMLY, in his 43d year.

On Sunday morning, the 13th instant, Mrs SUSAN N. MACKENZIE, in her 74th year.

On the 6th instant, at his residence, in Livingston, Mississippi, after a severe illness, Dr. OSCAR L. DEWEES, son

A SANCTUM.—Enter a large, ng a cowhide.

editor in?"

u?"

Yes."

I have come up to settle with you.'

'Well. (Editor draws a revolver. Go ahead."

"I have taken your paper a year."

"Well," (capping the pistol).

"An article in your last week's issue (editor cocks the pistol) convinced me that need—"

"I deny your right to give it—there, please be cautious, sir."

"Give you what?"

"A thrashing."

"Why, no, my dear sir, I came to pay subscription in advance."

Of course no further disturbance was necessary.

GOT THERE.—Old Rowe keeps a hotel in northern part of this State, which he bou was the best in "them parts;" where, as used to say, you could get anything that's ever made to eat. One day, in comes a Yankee, sends his horse around to the stable, stepping up to the bar asked old Rowe what could give him for dinner.

"Anything, sir," says old Rowe; "thing, from a pickled elephant to a canary bi tongue."

"Wa'al," says the Yankee, eyeing Rowe, "I guess I'll take a piece of pickled phant."

Out bustled Rowe into the dining-room, ing our Yankee nonplussed at his gravity. sently he comes back again.

"Well, sir, we've got 'em; got 'em all ry right here in the house; but you'll hav take a whole one, 'cause we never cut 'em.

The Yankee thought he would have codfish and potatoes.

i
ce
is-
:her
.s an
Brown
.ange just
him, and he

.me meat home and return in- ...y with the five cents. Don't mark it down."

"Dat bees all right, Meister Brown," replied the butcher's wife.

Brown hurried home. During his absence, the butcher came in, and his wife returned to the house. Presently Brown came back, and hurriedly approaching the butcher, said:

"Here is the five cents I owe you," at the same time handing out the coin.

"Vot?" asked the astonished Vonsclup.

"I owe you five cents, and here it is."

"You makes mistakes, Mister Brown. I never trust you mit notin," replied the butcher.

"No, no, I owe it to you. Since you have been gone I bought some meat of the lady, and did not have enough to pay her by five cents, and—"

"Lady! You buy meat of a lady in mine shop! Vat in ter tuyvel do you mean by dat—eh?"

"Are you crazy, man? I mean I purchased a roast of the woman who attends here when you are absent."

"Der voman vot sells meat here?"

"Yes."

"Mein Cot, vat you means den? *She bees no lady; she ish my wife.*"

"You are an infernal fool!" replied Brown, throwing the five cent piece at the butcher and leaving in disgust.

"You bees anuder fool, Meister Brown, to take mine frow for a lady. Ha, ha! dat bees a good choke!"

A BAD "LOOK."—A French gentleman highly amused us a few days since, by the relation of one of his *contretemps* in the early period of his residence in this country, when his knowledge of English was but glimmering and uncertain. He chanced to break the key of his room door, and going to his landlady, attempted to explain the accident by declaring that her "look was bad!" The lady in question had only one eye, and lacked other elements of beauty. She colored, her eye flashed, and her lip trembled. It was an infamous insult, and her rage could scarcely be controlled.

"What do you mean, sir?" said she.

"Your look is bad," reiterated the Frenchman, a little staggered at the evident commotion his remark had caused. The lady started up, her arms akimbo.

"You insult me, sir. What do you mean by this language?"

"I know not vat I say, but I know vat I mean," replied the Frenchman, beginning to suspect that he had been guilty of some atrocious blunder. "I mean your look is bad—see (rushing to the door and pointing to the lock), your look, madame, is bad!"

"Lock, look, sir," exclaimed the lady, her indignation suddenly vanishing, and beginning to smile. The Frenchman, scrupulously polite and gallant, saw his blunder, and was overwhelmed with confusion. "Oh, madame, pardon! se lock! Stupid! Pardon, madame!"

A NOVEL IDEA.—"Every neighborhood has its man to tell big stories, and we are not behind in that respect," says an unknown correspondent. "Old John M——— is known in all this neighborhood as one who delights to "astonish the natives" by his "recollections."

On one occasion, when the crops had nearly all failed, and people had begun to talk of hard times, old John, being in company with several of his complaining neighbors, thus consoled them:

"People have little cause to grumble now-a-days, when we recollect how it used to be. When I was yet in the old country, we had a famine that was one. Why," continued he, "hundreds of my neighbors actually starved to death; and on opening their bodies, it was found that they had been so pressed by hunger, that they had actually filled themselves with grass."

"Why," asked a bystander, "were the bodies opened after death?"

"Why," replied he, "*to find out what they starved to death on, of course.*"

WHAT HE MEANT.—A STORY FOR POLITICIANS.—A well-known missionary among a tribe of Northern Indians was wont to set some simple refreshment—fruit and cider—before his converts when they came from a distance to see him. An old man who had no pretentions to be a Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first. "What was that?" He must know all about the Bible.—When the time came he declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. When arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket and looking exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from the missionary, he rolled up his eyes, and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each—"Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—Solomon"—"What do you mean?" asked the missionary. "Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah"—"Stop, stop! What do you mean?" "I mean cider."

☞ Every desire bears its death in its very gratifications. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle.—*Washington Irving.*

HOW TO GET MONEY.

SHREW PARTY.—"Eureka!—A great idea!—Advertise in the 'Post.'—NEXT OF KIN.—All persons of the name of Smith may hear of something greatly to their advantage by addressing A. B. (*inclosing two postage-stamps for reply*), post-office, &c., &c."

SHREWDER PARTY.—"Figgins! you are a genius!"

Agricultural.

THE EXHAUSTION OF ENGLISH SO

TO J. J. MECHI, ESQ.

"My Dear Sir,—I reply to your letter of 3rd inst., 'On the sure Exhaustion of the l of Great Britain by our new sanitary arran ments,' because, while I regret the loss of t manure, I cannot go so far as you do and lieve such fatal consequences as you ment to be impending from it; and I would t the opportunity this affords me of show the inexhaustible sources of nutriment fr deeper and finer cultivation that are now op ing to us by the introduction of steam plough It is not my intention to depreciate the val of manures in farmers' estimation, for I a well aware that many are far too careless preserving and making the best use of wh their farms produce; I would simply sho how much may be done to make supplies extraneous manures unnecessary.

"You know that Jethro Tull proved many years' practice, one hundred and twen years ago, the possibility of growing great than ordinary crops of corn by deeper and fin disintegration of the soil, and that the Rev Mr. Smith, of Lois-Weedon, has for the las fourteen years, been growing extraordinar crops of wheat, year after year, on he same ground, without any manure, simply by trenching and finely comminuting tle beds, and thus affording an unfailing supply of nutriment in the greater decomposition of the soil; and I, too, in my practice of thin sowing, found that the fertility of my land increased as my tillage became deeper an finer.

"With respect to your quotation fror Prof. Liebig, I am sorry to find so learned man turning such data to his purpose, for it was from very different causes than the wate of its town manures that the cultivatin of Italy declined; and if the cultivation o districts in America has been abandoned, thich it would be difficult to prove, it cannot befrom exhaustion of soil in the few years it hasbeen occupied, or the greater part of Europe would long since have ceased to be productive. The cessation to grow corn in Italy under the Empire is readily to be accounted for in the large tribute of corn paid to the Romans by the world (not even excepting Britain, which was dignified by being styled one of its granaries,) and gratuitously distributed among the freemen of the towns in Italy, for this at once deprived the country of a market for its corn, and took away its agricultural laborers, who, attracted by this free distribution, left the country and work, for a town life and idleness, and this is quite sufficient to account for the decline of production at home, and the fatal dependence on foreign supplies when the country's declining strength ceased to secure them. With respect to the assistance that the Chinese find in the use of this particular manure to raise food for its extraordinarily dense population, I can readily believe in its importance, without going the length of saying the loss of it must lead to sterility. The use of manure doubtless increases the fertility of land, and is valuable as far as it goes to lessen the occasion for labor. The poorer the land the greater is the amount of labor necessary to make it fertile, and the higher it must be cultivated to bring its production to an equality with that from richer; and this is remarkably exemplified in the farming of England. I am often surprised to see how little the returns per acre of our different soils vary in comparison with the natural fertility of the land. The larger are far from always being supplied by our naturally richest soils; the higher cultivation of the secondary soils may often be seen to make them the most productive. And as the richer soils demand less labor because of their greater natural fertility, so will poorer soils when liberally enriched with manure require less assistance for cultivation; and it is *'as a substitute for cultivation that manure is useful;'* but the question is: *'To what extent is it more economical?'* The experience of Jethro Tull and Mr. Smith, supported to some extent by my own, go far to prove that good cultivation may more cheaply and more safely be looked to to supply the elements of growing corn; at any rate, all will agree that its assistance is very valuable. What an opening then is there before us to increase the fertility of our soils, and more particularly of our poorer ones. We must avail ourselves of the improvement of our implements and the introduction of steam power to crush and deepen the hard subsoil of our land and give a more extended and permeable range of soil to plants to feed from.

"Yours, my dear sir, very sincerely,
"HEWITT DAVIS."

"3, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry,
"Nov. 16, 1859."

ON SOILING OR HOUSE-FEEDING DAIRY COWS.

As this subject is beginning to attract attention, and to be discussed at farmer's clubs and agricultural fairs, any information connected with it must be interesting. A few years ago, Mr. Smith of Deanston, the celebrated improver of land drainage, gave his experience in the soiling of dairy cows. He said that a dairy of twenty cows, consisting of part Ayrshire breed, and part a cross from Ayrshire cows and a short horned bull, were separated into two lots of ten each, selected to be as equal as possible in point of carcass, condition, and milking quality. About the beginning of May, the one lot was put to pasture in the usual manner, going to the field about seven in the morning, after having been milked, again being brought home to be milked about one o'clock, and again being driven out at two o'clock to the field; at seven in the evening again being brought home to be milked, and remaining in the house all night, getting some turnips and straw during the first few weeks, and afterwards cut grass. Towards mid-summer they were put out all night and kept in the house from twelve to four, getting cut grass, vetches and straw.

The cows of the other lot were tied up in a shed built for the purpose, in a field of new grass, from which they were to be fed, near to a field of vetches. This byre was constructed to hold five cows at each end, with boards to open in front of each cow, to allow of the grass being put into the stalls, and to admit of an abundance of fresh air during the day. There was a tun or cask sunk outside to receive the liquid manure from the byre; near this the solid manure from the cows was piled in layers, and the liquid was occasionally taken from the tank and thrown over the heap to keep it moist, and to promote its decomposition, channels being formed around the pile to conduct such liquid as flowed from it back again to the tank. The liquid manure being thus repeatedly passed through the dung heap, while it promoted its decomposition, became also enriched and in a proper condition to be applied to the surface of the ground. These cows are fed with grass from the field in which the shed was placed, and towards the latter part of the season, with a portion of vetches cut from an adjoining field. About one-fourth part of a man's labor was sufficient for cutting and carrying the grass, with the aid of a pony and cart. He also applied the cows with straw and water, carried out the manure, and brushed the cows once a day. The cows were scarcely ever removed from their stakes, from the time they were put up until the first of November, when they were taken back to the dairy to be tied up with the other cows. The cows thus treated were milked three times a day, as the others were; they gave their milk more uniformly and more plentifully, and continued throughout in excellent health, and improved in condition from thirty to forty shillings per head, over those at pasture. When removed to the dairy they still continued in excellent health and condition during the winter, and had their calves in spring in the proper time, and of large and healthy frame. The manure made was of value considerably above the cost of management; *and the cows were kept in summer on three-quarters of an acre each.* Those on pasture required one acre and a quarter each, besides nearly a quarter for cut grass and vetches, so that, upon the whole, one-half of the extent of ground necessary for the summer keep of cows at pasture, was sufficient for house-feeding, and at the same time increasing their value to a considerable amount. Persons who own small farms in the neighborhood of cities might adopt the plan of soiling cattle with great success. Green cornstalks are very good food for milch cows, and an acre will produce more of these than of any other description of forage. Cabbages, clover and timothy, vetches, &c., may be used according as they come in season.

LIEBIG'S THEORIES.

If, as Liebig's doctrines would demand, the only proper Agriculture—the only plan of farming not ruinous and a system of robbery—consisted in restoring annually to the soil as much mineral matters as are removed in the crops, how impossible it would be to farm profitably in the long run—how impracticable to avoid leaving to our heirs an impoverished soil!

Our virgin soils must for years suffer a rapid decrease of their store of mineral matters, because their produce can find no consumption except hundreds and thousands of miles away, distances over which it is absolutely impossible to transport manures.

In our older and more thickly settled States, the same circumstances also occur, though less strongly characterized. On every farm there are fields so remote from the highways, and from sources of manure, that if replacing the mineral matters of crops or abandonment, were the alternative, the latter would be adopted.

Our great cities, where the ashes of immense crops are accumulated in the shape of the excrements of men and horses, can by no possibility return these matters to the far-off fields whence they came. With every effort it is only a narrow circumference of adjacent country that can be fertilized with these manures.

While attempting to vindicate modern agriculture from being, root and branch, a system of spoliation—a blindly ruinous Practice, based on an entirely unscientific Theory—we do not therefore excuse its errors.

The neglect of manures, and especially of human excrements, is a serious evil in Europe and in America. If, as Smith of Deanston, has asserted, the exuvia of two adult men for one year are sufficient to manure an acre of land, being valued by the Flemish farmer at the sum of $20, we can easily compute the waste that is annually incurred.

If we calculate the value of mixed urine and night soil on their content of ammonia and phosphoric acid alone, using Peruvian Guano as the term of comparison, we find that each adult furnishes these materials yearly to the amount of $2,50, so that a city of 40,000 inhabitants supplies them to the value of $100,000 *per annum.*

It appears to us, however, very remarkable that the chief value of this manure—the sole reason why its use prevents the agricultural exhaustion of a country should depend on its *mineral* or *ash ingredients*—those which came exclusively from the soil—when the per centage of potential *ammonia* in it is equal to that of all the useful minerals taken together. Why an ingredient, the use of which is so subordinate, should exist in this model manure in such large quantity, is more than we can divine, unless our author's science is slightly at fault.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO SAVE MONEY IN SHINGLING

It has long been a rule among carpenters to lay shingles so as to have *three* thicknesses at the least through the whole roof. Shingles fourteen or fifteen inches long are laid so as to expose but four and one-half inches to the weather. Three times four and one-half are thirteen and one-half—thus such shingles lie thicker than three-fold.

Now this is a double waste—for three shingles, lying upon each other, will rot much sooner than two shingles will, in that position, *for they are not so soon dried after a storm.* It is *rotting* that must be guarded against, more than all else. The argument that three thicknesses will prevent the blowing in of rain more than two will, proves too much.

Why not double board the sides on the same principle? Because none of the boards will last as long. So when a roof is covered with boards only, running up and down, and battened—the battens should be quite narrow, and cover but little of the under board. Otherwise both layers soon rot, as many people know who have sheds with cheap roofs.

Shingles of fourteen or fifteen inches in length should always be laid *six inches* to the weather, that they may dry soon after a rain—the sooner the better. Shingles worth laying never wear out in the common mode of laying; but it is well known that they often rot out before they are half worn.

To keep shingles dry as possible, tight, or close boarding under them should never be permitted. Lay upon the rafters narrow strips of board, with open spaces, three inches between. Nail your shingles on to these strips, and then you give them a fair chance to become dry on the under side after a storm.

Good shingles always lie quite close enough on the roof—and though violent storms may drive a few drops under the shingles—this happens in all roofs—but here the shingles are soonest dry.

SEE THE GAIN.

By laying shingles six inches to the weather, instead of four and a half, we save one-fourth of the shingles—one-fourth of the nails—and one-fourth of the labor of putting them on. And as this our roof will last at least one-fourth longer than the other, we save much more than one-fourth of the cost of lumber and of laying.

Many carpenters and builders have come to the conclusion that *tight boarding* under shingles is wrong; since the shingles rot sooner than in open boarding. Yet we have seldom seen a carpenter lay his shingles more than 4½ inches to the weather, let them be long or short, good or bad. Why is this? Because they would not depart from an ancient rule.

Poor shingles are not worth taking as a gift. Carpenters cannot lay half as many in a day. They never turn water well—and they soon rot. Some men are pleased with sawed shingles, because they lie so close to the boarding. But this is the cause of their rotting sooner than the poorest kind of shaved shingles. There is a nap on them that cause them to retain any wet that happens to come between them.

If any one doubts the propriety of laying good shingles six inches to the weather rather than four and a half, we can show him roofs, 20 years old, in a good state of preservation, and more sound than others laid with three thicknesses.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

CORN.—Here is a fact worth knowing, if true:—

Wm S. Morgan, of Warren county, Indiana, writes hat seed from the butt end of an ear of corn will ripen its products all at the same time, and some three weeks earlier than seed from the little end of the same ear. He recommends farmers always to break their seed corn ears in two in the middle, and use the butt ends only for seed.

Useful Receipts.

HARD CEMENT.—The following cement has been used with great success in covering terraces, lining basins, soldering stones, &c., and everywhere resists the filtration of water. It is so hard hat it scratches iron. It is formed of ninety-three parts of well-burned brick, and seven parts of litharge, made plastic with linseed oil. The brick and litharge are pulverized; the latter must always be reduced to a very fine powder; they are mixed together, and enough of linseed oil added. It is then applied in the manner of plaster, the body that is to be covered being always previously wet with a sponge. This precaution is indispensable, otherwise the oil would filter through the body, and prevent the mastic from acquiring the desired degree of hardness. When it is extended over a large surface, it sometimes happens to have flaws in it, which must be filled up with a fresh quantity of the cement. In three or four days it becomes firm.—*Scientific American.*

USEFUL RECIPTS.—"How can woolen goods be colored drab or stone color, so that they will not fade?" I send you a recipe, and if you see fit to publish it, I think it will answer completely the question proposed:

Recipe.—Take half a bushel of white oak bark, boil in an iron kettle a sufficient length of time to extract the strength from the bark, strain and add to the fluid two tablespoonfuls of copperas, or a sufficient quantity to set the color. Boil five minutes. This will color woolen or cotton goods.

To Color Children's Flannel or Silks Purple.—Take one ounce of cudbear to a pound of flannel. Boil the cudbear in rain water, in a brass kettle, five minutes. Wet the flannel in soap-suds and put it in the dye. Keep stirring until it has boiled five minutes—hang it in the shade to dry. Freezing will not hurt it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HARMLESS AND SURE CURE FOR WARTS.—Take two or three cents' worth of sal ammoniac, dissolve it in a gill of soft water, and wet the warts frequently with this solution, when they will disappear in the course of a week or two. I have frequently tried this cure for warts, and it has never failed.

[We are inclined to believe in the efficacy of our correspondent's cure for common warts, because we know that alkaline solutions soften them, and gradually eat them away as it were. We have removed some of these unpleasant skin excrescences with a weak solution of potash applied in the same manner as the sal ammoniac.]—*Eds. Scien. American.*

WARMING FLANNELS, &c.—I noticed an inquiry in relation to washing flannels, and as an answer, I send the following:—Make a hot suds with good soft soap, put in the flannels and let them lie a few minutes, then wash thoroughly with the hands. Have ready some boiling water, (soft is best,) dissolve a little bluing, or indigo, and pour on it sufficient of the hot water to cover the goods, put them in and let them remain until cool enough to wring. Dry in the air, and iron when slightly damp. Iron on the right side. I have followed this mode for years, and it has never failed to make them appear like new, even when almost entirely worn out.

BROILING BEEFSTEAK.—Bruise till very tender, then put over a good bed of coals for a few minutes. When cooked a little, take it off, dredge slightly with flour, and butter will finish the working, then add half a cup of cold coffee to the gravy, and you will find a gravy good enough for any of your "liege lords."—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 19, 26, 6, 10, was a son of Lamech.
My 32, 19, 13, 24, was a son of Cush.
My 4, 31, 15, 25, 3, 2, was chosen Queen by Ahasuerus.
My 6, 23, 24, 12, was a King of Israel.
My 1, 30, 12, 14, 26, 18, was a son of Shiel.
My 29, 21, 31, 23, begat Saul.
My 16, 11, 12, 13, 26, 19, was a town in Canaan.
My 27, 26, 5, was a dweller in the plains of Jordan.
My 32, 11, 9, 19, was a son of Adam.
My 25, 26, 8, 21, 19, 13, 31, 32, was a word to be written upon the bells of the horses when the day of the Lord should come.
My 14, 7, 30, 31, 16, 6, was a man of God.
My 6, 23, 21, 24, 25, was a scribe of Solomon's.
My 22, 28, 2, 11, was a country that furnished much cedar for the building of Solomon's Temple.
My 20, 21, 31, 4, is what all men should be.
My whole is a text of Scripture which we should think the ladies ought gladly to obey.

Highland Grove, Iowa. J. W. I.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first denotes existence,
Not action brisk, nor noisy clamor;
Nor does it mean resistance,—
A verb 'tis called in grammar.

My second's seen go where you will,
In temperate clime or tropic land;
'Tis in the vale and on the hill,
And e'en upon the desert's sand.

Within my whole, in days gone by,
The Indian watched from morn till night;
And oft came forth with battle-cry,
To urge his warriors on to fight.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sometimes my *first will* make you laugh,
Sometimes 'twill make you cry,
But this I'll say in your behalf,
I hope 'twon't make you die.

Where knowledge o'er the earth is spread,
And science holds its sway,
There's where you'll find my second read,
On many a summer's day.

My whole's oft seen in railway trains,
That travel through the land,
I hope it will not crack your brains
My whole to understand.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

ANAGRAMS

On Cities in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rob meat ll.	Stolius.
To snob.	We ran Nels, O.
Club am I O.	Hindeorm.
Healrig.	L. Rat on chee.
Rig her bare.	O lace pens.
Yanlab.	Loginhew.
Canderblum.	Fulafob.
Dick Perre.	E drot it.
Pigs fed on R I.	Nis ane in it.
Nemroy.	Hucogic.
Doslot.	Rat for D H.
Dor Core.	Sagutac.
American sot.	P. A. X.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If there are 9 thicknesses of carpet to an inch, how many yards will it take to make a roll 21 inches wide? E. M. D.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men out hunting killed a deer; desirous of ascertaining its weight, they placed a balance on a fulcrum and balanced each other; their weights respectively were 120 and 180; they changed ends on the balance, and the lighter taking the deer in his arms, they balanced again. What is the weight of the deer?

Albia, Iowa. A SUBSCRIBER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The cube root of the square of a certain number, plus its square root, plus 5 times its sixth root, is equal to 9 times its cube root minus 2. Required, to find the number by a *quadratic* solution?

H. H. Mo. ANDREW J. TRAPP.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why can trees put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Ans.—Their spring attire they leave out!

☞ When does a printer's devil get his dessert? Ans.—When he makes pi and has no help to clear it away!

☞ Why is a lady making a morning call like a letter of the alphabet in an easy position? Ans.—Because she is V-sitting.

☞ What kind of fruit is never sold single? Ans.—The pear.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Washington Irving. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Central High School of Philadelphia. CHARADE—Sleighbell. CHARADE—Madam. REBUS—Rhinoceros (Rhone, Henlopen, Iron, Nero, Orange, Chili, Idaho, Reuben, Ohio, Solomon). PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM—344 feet 10 inches. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLING QUESTION—From 987654321=45.
123456789=45.
864197532=45.

☞ Answer to PROBLEM, by Artemas Martin, published September 24th.—The broken piece measures 80 feet. The part left standing 44 feet. The top struck the side of the mountain at the distance of 52 feet from root of tree.

☞ Answer to Geometrician's Problem, published October 22nd,—The third or largest side of tract, measures 214 perches. The tract contains 42 acres.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co. Pa.

☞ Answer to QUESTION by Artemas Martin, published in Post, November 12th.—The curve described by the shot, after it leaves the sphere, is a parabola; and it strikes the horizontal plane 21.9243 feet from the lower extremity of the vertical diameter; and the point where the shot leaves the sphere is 5 feet below a horizontal plane, passing through the upper extremity of the vertical axis.

Clinton Co., Ohio. DAVID WICKERSHAM.